

# SPIRIT

OF THE

## ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

Published half-monthly, by Munroe and Francis.

NO. 10.]

BOSTON, FEBRUARY 15, 1820.

[VOL. VI.

### TALES OF TO-DAY.\*

From the European Magazine, for November, 1819.

#### HALFPENNY GEORDIE.

**T**RAVELLERS who have visited Galloway and Annandale within the last forty years, may remember the singular old man known in those districts by the name of Halfpenny Geordie. It was his custom to pick up pebbles on the road, sweep away incumbrances, and notify his good will to passengers by a bow which generally procured him at least a halfpenny. If he could not catch this gift between his teeth, he would scrape the earth over it where it fell, to be removed at a more convenient opportunity. Verbal messages, letters, or parcels of value, were sure of speedy and safe deliverance by this unwearied pedestrian, whose habitation was anywhere beneath the sky, and his clothes of whatever kind pleased the giver. Lean, shrewd, and silver-tongued, he had a grin and a proverb at the service of all passers-by, but especially when the post-chariot of Sir William Bellenden, sheriff of the shire, passed with his fair daughter Leslie, whose tartan scarf and green habit were the admiration of her neighbourhood. The pence she destined for him were always wrapped in white paper, perhaps to prevent their dispersion in the road, but the sages of Twankybeck suspected that these white envelopes usually found their way to a certain house in the village inhabited by two remarkable persons. We must

mention the lady first, being the senior and the heritrix of the mansion, in which her father had once kept an apothecary's shop. She inherited all his medicines; and many have said, that one of her patients made her an offer of marriage, but recanted, and took her prescriptions as the easier way of dying. Her present and sole inmate was a young Englishman, who called himself Fairfax, rode well, said little, and spent money freely. Luckie Mactrash had traced the origin of her boarder in all the innocent ways known to a country-town; but as he kept no valet, and neither wrote nor received letters, even Scotch curiosity and perseverance failed. Thrice, however, she had seen Halfpenny Geordie speak to Fairfax at her garden-gate, and on the fourth occasion, absolutely saw him enter. Not even the silver tongue and quick ears of Miss Margaret Mactrash could avail any thing, for her boarder's shut doors and austere looks forbade inquisition. Geordie's eye was not so formidable, and she met him at the gate with a halfpenny.

"Ye'll bring fair weather, Geordie, when ye come again. The Master never glowrs sa muckle alter ye're gane."

"It's like no," said the Scotsman—"fair and foul weather come for nathing."

"And it's like ye carried that bit letter safe—and ye'll saddle the Master's grey poney afore night."

"He cares na for bridle nor saddle," said the secret keeper—"and I'se no carried the letter yet."

A large pinch of sneeshin and an offer of some choice tincture for the rheumatism drew the "bit letter" from his leathern poke. "Let's put a stane on top of t'other letter, or mayhap it may tell someo't," quoth Geordie, gravely placing another sealed packet under a heap of pebbles. "Oh!" he added, perching himself above them—"I carried six flasks of the red wine to the Sheriff Depute, and just took one for a taste, and such a bit letter as this told on't."

Luckie Mactrash cast an eager glance at the packet so carefully deposited, but neither questions nor jests could induce Geordie to release it from beneath him. And after three or four investigations of the small sealed billet, she discovered enough to obtain for him the recompence of an ounce-bottle of cephalic snuff and advice gratis. Geordie departed on his mission, and the lady to enrich her coterie by her intelligence. Before night it had increased so enormously in bulk, that half Twankybeck believed Fairfax a rebel in covert, and the other half a fugitive convict.

The Sheriff Substitute was not the last to hear of these reports; and being a magistrate of much caution and sagacity, employed his factor to cross-examine the apothecaress of the village. She had derived sufficient courage from her curiosity, and really believed her discoveries licensed her, as a loyal subject, to open her boarder's portfolio, and read its contents. With great horror and surprise, as she highly venerated a Sheriff Substitute, she had found three or four letters of no distant dates, subscribed Alexander Bellenden, but carefully crossed, and in every line confused by erasures. The good woman's heart sunk at the offence she had sacrilegiously offered to a Bellenden; but when the great man's deputy came himself to visit her, it rose to her lips, and poured out the whole secret. The commissioner was startled, and the instant consequence of his communication to his master was a mysterious letter written and despatched by Sir William Bellenden to his

brother Alexander.—Our readers must remember, that in this country, and at this time, the letters from scattered country-houses were conveyed to the post-office by Halfpenny Geordie, who enjoyed many fees and privileges for thus performing a supplementary part to the mail-carrier. But he stopped on this occasion, as he had done many times before, at Fairfax's place of rendezvous, and, by Geordie's permission, the letter was read and resealed by Mrs. Mactrash. From her hand it went no farther than to Fairfax, who laughed heartily as he perused it, and furnished Geordie with this reply, which, in due time, was brought from the proper post, and submitted to her inspection.

"William Bellenden,

"I cannot imagine why you question me about my—son I will not call him. He is an idle, meddling, impertinent fool in politics, and a knave in other matters, which I have no other objection to, for he has no other way of making his fortune. You and I mean to give him nothing, and this is all we ever agreed in in all our lives. So it seems we agreed in nothing—I was once,

"Your friend and brother, A. B."

Honest Geordie carried this missive to the Sheriff, after allaying the pangs of Miss Mactrash's curiosity by allowing her to peruse it. In less than three days the effect was manifest. Instead of praising her inmate's fine figure and gracious address to her visitors, the prudent old lady began to spread her teatable in another room, and asked Sandy M'Quirk to alter the codicil she had made in his favour. Two or three neighbouring gentlewomen, who had shewn Fairfax some grace, went in pure benevolence thro' every house in the village to whisper the truth, and the sheriff-clerk resolved to remove him by a hint to the higher powers. This hint, like every other conveyed to the post thro' Simple Geordie's medium, fell into the hands of Fairfax; and as it was not addressed to his uncle, whose help he might have expected, it alarmed him considerably. There were circumstances in his present situation which could not conveniently encounter judicial examin-



ation, and he walked about the little inn-yard in an extremity of despair, when Simple Geordie clapped his shoulder—

“Sit ye down bye, and stir none—I’ll come in an hour.”

Two or three hours after dusk, the Sheriff Substitute’s carriage came to the obscure and naked hovel which a few beggars called an inn. Fairfax was waiting there, when Geordie equipped in a yellow wig, a coat of far too great extent in the skirts, and half a brocade petticoat made into a waistcoat, like Falstaff’s device of a herald’s coat without sleeves, ushered two servants with great gravity into his presence. They obeyed his significant gesture, took Fairfax gently in their arms, and carried him to the Sheriff’s equipage, which drove very gently away. Another posse of strong serving men conveyed him from it to a state-bed in Bellenden House, and Geordie stationed himself in quality of valet beside his sick master. The Sheriff, whose public duties had compelled him to be absent, entered a few instants after. He was hastily withdrawing the curtains, when Geordie interposed to remind him that his Brother Alexander had not yet recovered his fatigue. But he resolutely insisted on seeing the sick man’s face, and Fairfax, with a beard of four days’ growth, eyes made fierce and hollow by anxiety, and a complexion ghastly as fear and art could render it, was forced to show his head between the useful shadow of two pillows. The good Sheriff squeezed his hand, and wept—the sight of his supposed brother, whom he had not seen for many years, reduced to paralytic helplessness and second childhood, with the outline of his youthful beauty still remaining, affected him extremely. Fairfax, who had never before seen his uncle, and whose deep distress justified this stratagem, could not himself suppress tears, as he held in silence the hand of a man who looked on him with such earnest, tho’ mistaken affection. It was fortunate that some sad ideas weighed upon him, or he would have been compelled to laugh at the undaunted knavery of Simple Geordie, who interrupted the Sheriff’s lamentations with great dryness:

“Ye see, sir, if it would just please ye to order ould master a bit and soup: for ever since the paralytics took him, he has been awfu’ loth to part wi ony thing. And it’s like he’s a thinking now of his graceless son, who is, I’ll be bold to say, the vary pink and picture of his father in all things—and there’s sma’ doubt, if he was lying in that bed, ye’d no ken one from t’other.”

“I am grieved at heart,” said Sir William Bellenden, “that I wrote to remind him of that foolish boy, or that I could not prevent his coming to my neighbourhood in this miserable manner, on a hired hack, with only one attendant.”

“Saving your worship’s presence,” answered Geordie, understanding the glance of the Sheriff’s eye, and fixing his own with excellent slyness—“it would na become me to fash at wearing the Master’s cast-off apparel, forbye he has little enough at home, and seldom wears much on’t. And I’m free to say he wad be ill-pleased if ye did na gi’ him a few pieces of gowld, just for the sight, for it’s ill to get him to sleep unless he has coin in his hand.”

Sir William assented to every thing; and his blue-eyed daughter, after much encouragement, stole on tiptoe to see her uncle, and shrank away, affrighted, as it seemed, at his ghastly countenance.—Geordie declared himself sufficient to watch by his dear master, and when the door was closed, whispered in his ear—“Ye’re in the Tod’s own hole, now, but ye maunna play the fause loon long—for ther’s ill news at Twankybeck. Ye’re ain father’s come to the Brig of Annan, and he’ll be here at morn.”

“Then I am undone, utterly undone!” said Fairfax, starting up: “and instead of devising this rash counterfeit of my father, I must ask my uncle to forgive his nephew, stranger and culprit as he is—He will keep me in his house from danger and——”

“Bide your time,” said Geordie solemnly, and marched away—not to rest, but to steal from the wardrobe where he had seen them lodged, a suit of the Sheriff’s own apparel, which he compressed into less room than any packer unacquainted with a Scotch pedlar’s mode

could imagine. He wisely considered, that if the real Alexander Bellenden, father of young Fairfax, should have time to make his appearance, the bold fraud which had given present safety to the son would be finally defeated, and forced to end in a most perilous discovery. Geordie's simplicity had served him always as a cover to all kinds of achievements, for simple men may hazard more than the wisest. He went into the stable, ordered the best horse, and sallied forth, as he said, to execute some business for his master. At the Brig of Annan, he changed his apparel, rode into the chief inn's yard, and desired the waiter to announce Sir William Bellenden to his brother.

Colonel Alexander Bellenden was a stern and violent man, in whom infirmity had excited bitterness rather than regret. An old quarrel had divided him more than twenty years from his only brother, of whose declining health he had heard with the churlishness which all men affect who dare not suffer the pain of repentance. He rose, however, at the unexpected sound of his Brother's name, and the tremor of palsy and surprise overcame the menacing stiffness he attempted. But when he cast his eyes on the figure that approached him, a figure so lean, bent, and ill-suited to its covering; when he saw the face which, as he supposed, was once so like his own, shrunk into the most singular case of leathern features ever seen, the mouth awry, the nose wonderfully knobbed, and the eyes gleaming with a sort of changeable light like magic lanterns, he could not help exclaiming, "O Willie! what is become of thee?"

It would have been good for a painter to have seen the deliberate and steady gaze fixed by the counterfeit Sir William on his supposed brother's face; and the strange attitude of aghast amazement in which Col. Bellenden stood stiffened before him. "It is come to me, brother, as it is to thee, to be an odd, ill-favoured, and ill-tempered man; and if there is ought unseemly and unbefitting in my coat and its appurtenances, it is because I have lent my upper garment to a man in need."

"I should rather think, Willy Bel-

lenden," said the Colonel, "that your own need was the greatest."

"So it might be," answered Geordie, "but that man in need was YOUR SON."

Alexander Bellenden became pale, gathered up his thick grey eyebrows, and stepping two paces back from his supposed brother, said fiercely, "I have no son—I have said it at daybreak—I have said it at night—there is no pardon for him; and I wish these words to be my last."

The Beggar lost, as he heard this terrible answer, all remembrance of the part he had intended to act, and the language he had assumed. "What are ye, Alexander Bellenden, that ye should dare to call evil on your Son? What am I, that ye can look on my grey hairs, and my meagre bones, and be proud of your ain clay? But there is no mony days for me, and none for ye."

Geordie added no more, for the prediction was accomplished. The last words of Colonel Bellenden had been those of his wrath, and he breathed no more. A sudden stroke of apoplexy deprived him of existence, but his visitor did not venture to await the assembling of servants or their enquiries. On the table lay a leathern pocket-book, and by its side a large sealed parcel addressed to his son. Geordie hesitated only two moments, for the parcel was heavy; and being so close in the vicinity of a book well-filled with notes, promised his young friend a seasonable supply. He placed it in his pocket, remounted his good horse, and returned to Sir William Bellenden's in his former attire before daybreak.

But Fairfax, either too conscious of his extreme danger to act the necessary part, or ashamed of a fraud so daring, had abandoned his uncle's house in the night, and the Sheriff Substitute, now aware of some confederacy, was prepared to seize poor Geordie on his return. He was arrested, and conveyed to the town-gaol on the heavy charge of having aided in bringing into Sir William Bellenden's house a young imposter in the name and garb of that brother who was now no more. But neither threats nor bribes could induce the wary Scotsman to name his accom-



plice, or give any clue to his retreat. Still more serious charges multiplied against him. Sir William's brother had been found dead in the inn-parlour, and his death might have been occasioned either by a blow or the sudden visitation of apoplexy. His pocket-book, and a very important packet which he had been heard mentioning in terms of great anxiety, were missing. Two or three domestics of the inn identified Geordie's person, and declared him to have visited the deceased a few moments before he was found lifeless, in a suit of apparel which was also identified as a theft from Sir William's wardrobe. The suspicion was dark, and confirming circumstances almost irresistible, except that neither the packet nor the pocket-book could be found in his possession. No one thought or spoke of this point in his favour but the Baronet's daughter Leslie, who interposed once or twice a few timid hints in his behalf. Influenced by them, or rather by his own benevolent disposition, to judge slowly, the Sheriff Substitute went, accompanied by another magistrate, to examine the accused once more.

"What could induce you, prisoner," said Mr. Mucklequack, writer to the signet, "to visit the defunct Colonel Bellenden in the garb and equipage of his Brother?"

"I am motioned to think," said the prisoner, very drily, "that the claise of his honour there would na fit me."

"I ask you," interposed the brother magistrate, "whether you did or did not converse with my late brother at the Brig of Annan, and for what purpose?"

"It's humbly my thought," returned Geordie, "that ye've no certie of ony man's seeing your honour's brother or the likes of him ony where, but ye may ask Luckie Mactrash—if a woman did na' see him."

The Procurator protested there could be no concern between Miss Mactrash and the business in question.

"Truly there's few meddlements in this shire that she has na' helped in, and it's a sma' marvel that she should pit her finger in a poor body's like mine. 'Geordie,' says she, 'an' we could but wile away a pair o' the Sher-

iff's grey hose, and his wee bit coat and his wig, they would na fit me amiss, and I could may be get a sight in 'em of his brother Sandy, and have a flyte wi' him to mak' him keep him promise. And, quo' she, he has ca'd me his wife already before three elders, but ever sin I made the bit mistake, and gae'd him sacks of antimony in the gout, he wad lowp ower the Brig of Annan ta miss me.'

"Called Luckie Mactrash his wife!" interrupted the elder Bellenden, with great ire—"I remember her abominable prescription of calx of antimony caused a colliquation of his whole system."

"Just that was her vary word—a coruscation instead of a wee fit o' the gout; So ever since the Colonel wad never sae much as hear of her; and she just pit on ye're honour's mouse-coloured wig and lang plaid wrapper to speak a bit wi' her jo' about auld lang syne."

"This is not altogether impossible, gentlemen," said the learned Clerk, "though it is contrary to law for females to appear in our apparel; and I do not well conceive how the rotund figure and plump cheeks of Margery, alias Lucky Mactrash, could in any way be made to resemble Sir William Bellenden's tall and venerable presence. As for the epithet of wife, said to have been used by the deceased, I think it of small import, as there is small doubt that he only called her wisey, which Scotticism implies gossip or goody."

This nice point, though it has been proved sufficient in a Scotch court, was not the first object of his patron's attention. Geordie stated his facts with such simple and dry accuracy, that Sir William could not resolve to believe the whole what the law calls "a lie with circumstance." And the judicial men went without delay to the mansion of the ancient spinster, who received them, unsuspecting of their purpose, with great reverence and alacrity. By the advice of his legal friend, the magistrate artfully addressed such questions as he thought might discover if Lucky Mactrash could have had any hopes or views relating to his deceased brother, and she, with the heedlessness of vanity, seized eagerly

on his hints, and made such answers as strangely confirmed Geordie's tale of "an auld love-token" between her and Colonel Bellenden. Simple Geordie could not have been more apt and abundant in inventions than the lady of the laboratory to establish her claim on the dead-man's heart, which, as his brother begun the subject, must, she thought, besome way connected with a bequest from his purse. She was horribly undeceived, when Sir William, armed with a search-warrant, demanded access to all her repositories in quest of the property which had been feloniously taken from his brother. And much more was her dismay, when, perceiving the trace of a man's footstep through the mould of her garden, they arrived at the door of an old wood-house, or ruined hovel, in which she asserted, with long and loud exclamations, that nothing could be found except an old pestle and mortar formerly in her father's employ. Nothing else was visible, but its size, its singular situation, and, above all, her notorious habit of untruth, caused the clerk to investigate the mortar, in which, concealed by a few dry leaves, lay the packet superscribed by Colonel Bellenden, sealed with his seal, and addressed to his son. It was evidently the important packet so earnestly sought; and though the unbroken seal might have convinced the finders that Miss Mactrash knew nothing of it, the ministers of justice conveyed her mercilessly to their chamber. There she was confronted by Geordie, who maintained an obstinate silence in opposition to her eloquence, till the judge was on the point of committing both for contempt of his authority, which could extort nothing like truth from either. And she was in the very instant of confessing that she had bought a pair of silk hose and a tartan cloak of Halfpenny Geordie for a box of medicated quassia, when Fairfax himself entered. He was in no disguise, and begged in great agitation to be heard. He had received, he said, the most hospitable shelter from the busy, but benevolent, gossip of the village, and the rarest proofs of fidelity from poor Geordie, whose danger he could not know without giving some

evidence in his favour. He ended by surrendering himself into his uncle's official custody, as the greatest culprit of the three, and was asked if he knew any thing of the packet's contents. "Not a word, as I'm a sinner!" said Geordie, suddenly snatching it up—"and I'd have eaten every bit paper in't if I'd have thought of ye're finding it, but I said to mysell, naebody will ever go to Luckie Mactrash's physic-mill, for fear of mischief." And he threw it into the hands of Fairfax, who yielded it respectfully to his uncle. Sir William Bellenden led his nephew into another room, where breaking the seals of the packet he shewed him its contents, a roll of letters in cypher and anonymous fragments, evidences of his rash correspondence with factious men, who had abandoned and betrayed their friends. Without one word of rebuke or admonition, the uncle committed these fatal documents into the flames. Fairfax felt the release from infamy; and swearing to deserve the generous trust in his honour, was received again into the home and happiness of his family. The Lady Bluemantle of Twankybeck made vows against unseasonable boasts of secret news and old lovers; and Halfpenny Geordie, or some kinsman to whom he bequeathed his name and profession, continued till very lately the favourite vagrant of Galloway."

"I must now have leave to say," said the queen of our tale-telling party, "that my turn is come. I have sat patiently, like Lalla Rookh, while my Fadladdin and the rest of my court have talked; but as I have no prince or bridal palanquin in view, my compensation must be a double share of time to talk myself." And putting her hand into the portfolio of drawings which decided the subjects of our tales, she added, "The two last numbers of our lottery are almost blanks. A head of Queen Elizabeth's schoolmistress, Dame Bryan, and a whole length of an old Scotch countess hanging in an iron cage! Let me try if I can match these ancient originals in higher political life with two modern counterparts in fact and fashion."



From the New Monthly Magazine, Dec. 1819.

## “TRAVELS ROUND MY CHAMBER.”

FROM THE FRENCH OF COUNT DE MAISTRE.

### MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR.

COUNT Xavier de Maistre, major-general in the Russian service, and knight of the order of St. Wladimir, was born at Chambery, in 1764, and in 1794 he commenced his literary career, by the publication of the *Voyage Autour de ma Chamber*. No work in the style of philosophic badinage ever merited or obtained such vast success in France and other countries. A witty writer observed, that it is *Sterne in a decorous dress*.—M. de Maistre had become celebrated ten years before, by a journey of another description. On the 6th of May, 1784, he accompanied M. Le Brun on the first aerial ascension that was ever performed in Savoy. Their balloon measured fifty-five feet in diameter, and it rose to the height of five or six hundred toises: a narrative of this aerial expedition was published at the time. M. Xavier de Maistre at first held a commission in the regiment of marine infantry in the service of his Sardinian majesty, and he fought in the last campaigns of that period in Italy. After the disasters which befel his country, he joined the army of Suwarow, followed him to Russia, and was one of the few officers who witnessed the death of that illustrious general. M. de Maistre then entered the Russian army, and retired after having served in all the late wars. He ultimately fixed his residence at St. Petersburg, where he married Mademoiselle de Zagrioski, one of the ladies of honour to the empress. At St. Petersburg he published, in 1811, *Le Lepreux de la Cité d'Aoste*, &c. a pathetic novel, written in a style entirely original. It was republished at Paris in 1817. To his various literary and scientific attainments, M. de Maistre unites a singular talent for landscape painting.

### TRAVELS ROUND MY CHAMBER.

#### CHAP. I.

How glorious it is to open a new career, and to appear suddenly in the learned world with a volume of discoveries in one's hand, like an unexpected comet shining in space—No; I will no longer carry my book *in petto*; here it is, gentle reader—peruse it if you will. I have undertaken and performed a journey of forty-two days round my chamber. The interesting observations I made, and the continual pleasure I experienced in course of my travels, made me wish to publish the narrative, and the certainty that it would be useful determined me to do so. My heart is filled with inexpressible satisfaction, when I reflect on the infinite number of unhappy beings to whom I thus offer a certain resource against *ennui*, and an infallible remedy for the miseries they suffer. The pleasure a man experiences on travelling through his chamber is not embittered by the restless envy of his fellow creatures: it is independent of fortune.

Is there any being so wretched, so destitute, as not to possess a corner whither he may retire and withdraw himself from the world? For no outfit is requisite for such a journey.

I am well assured, that every sensible man will adopt my system, whatever may be his character or temperament; be he young or old, rich or poor, a miser or a spendthrift, born under the torrid zone or near the pole, he may travel as I have done. Finally, of the immense family of mankind, by whom the surface of the earth is peopled, there is not one—no, not a single individual, (I mean of those who inhabit chambers,) who can, after reading the following narrative, withhold his appro-

val of the new mode of travelling which I shall introduce to the world.

#### CHAP. II.

I may commence the eulogium of my journey by observing, that it cost me nothing. This circumstance is worthy of attention. My plan must certainly be commended and approved by persons of small fortune : but there is another class with whom it will be still more favourably received.—With whom ? it will be asked. With the rich.—Besides, what advantages may not invalids derive from this mode of travelling ? They need not fear the inclemency of the air or season.—Cowards will be protected from robbers, and will run no risk of encountering either bogs or precipices. Thousands who never before ventured, or who were never able to quit their homes, and, finally, those who never dreamed of travelling, will, I am sure, determine to follow my example. The most indolent man in the world cannot hesitate to set out with me to enjoy pleasures which will cost neither trouble nor money !—Follow me you whom disappointed love, or neglected friendship, have banished to your apartments, far from the meanness and perfidy of man. Let the unfortunate, the sick, and the restless, accompany me ; let the indolent all rise *in a mass* ; and you who are ruminating on plans of economy or retirement, through some act of treachery ; you who in a boudoir, renounce the world *for life* ; and you charming anchorites of evening parties, banish all sombre thoughts ; believe me, you are losing a moment for pleasure without gaining one for wisdom. Condescend to accompany me on my journey ; we shall proceed by short stages, laughing as we go at the travellers who have visited Rome and Paris ; no obstacle can arrest our progress, and, gaily yielding to our imagination, we will follow wheresoever it may conduct us.

#### CHAP. III.

There is so much curiosity in the world, that I almost suspect some will be inclined to ask, why the journey

round my chamber lasted forty-two days, instead of forty-three, or any other particular space of time : but I cannot possibly answer this question, since I do not know myself. All I can say is, that though the reader should find my narrative somewhat too long, it did not depend upon me to make it shorter. Setting aside all the vanity natural to a traveller, I should have been very well content with one chapter. I was, it is true, in my chamber, enjoying all imaginable pleasure and comfort ; but, alas ! it was not in my power to quit it whenever I wished. I even believe that, but for the interposition of certain powerful persons, who interested themselves in my behalf, and to whom I feel most grateful, I should have had sufficient time to write a ponderous folio, so much were the guardians, who obliged me thus to travel through my chamber, disposed to favour me.

And yet, reasonable reader, how greatly these people erred !—Attend, if you please, to the logic which I here subjoin.

Is there any thing more natural, or more just, than to run a man through the body for accidentally treading on your toes, or for suffering some harsh term to escape him in a moment of ill-humour, occasioned by your imprudence, or, what is worse than all, for being so unfortunate as to please your mistress ?

A meeting takes place in some retired spot, and there, like Nicole in the Bourgeois Gentilhomme, the one adversary endeavours to thrust quarte, while the other parries tierce ; and, that vengeance may be certain and complete, he presents his uncovered bosom to the mercy of his adversary's blade, and runs the risk of being killed for the sake of revenge.—Can any thing be more reasonable ? and yet there are persons who disapprove of this laudable custom ! But it is equally consistent, that the very persons who condemn this practice, and regard it as a serious crime, would be still more severe against any one who might refuse to commit it. Many an unlucky man, by yielding to their advice, has lost



both his reputation and his office; so that when one has the misfortune to engage in what is termed an *affair of honour*, it would not be a bad plan to cast lots, to ascertain whether it ought to be decided according to law or custom: and law and custom being contradictory, the judges might also pass sentence by throwing the dice. Perhaps it will be necessary to have recourse to a decision of this sort to explain why and wherefore my journey happened to last precisely forty-two days.

## CHAP. IV.

My chamber is situated in the forty-eighth degree of latitude, according to the measurement of Father Beccaria. It runs in a direction from east to west, is of an oblong shape, and measures thirty-six paces round, walking close by the wall. My journey, however, will be far more extensive, as I shall cross it by length and by breadth, or diagonally, without either rule or method. I shall even make zig zags, and trace every possible figure of geometry, if need be. I do not like those people who are so completely masters of their actions and thoughts, that they can say with certainty—To-day I will make three visits, I will write four letters, or I will finish the work I began. My mind is so open to all sorts of ideas, tastes, and sentiments; it so eagerly receives all that is presented to it, that—and why should it reject the pleasures which are scattered over the rugged path of life? They are so rare, and so thinly sown, that he must be a blockhead who would not stop, and even turn out of his road, to gather all within his reach. To me, nothing is more delightful than to follow my ideas by the track, as the sportsman does the game, without wishing to pursue any particular course. Thus, when I travel through my chamber, I seldom keep in a direct line: I proceed from my table to a picture which hangs in a corner, and thence I set out, in an oblique direction, towards the door. But, though my intention be to proceed directly thither, yet, should I happen to meet my arm-chair in the way, I do not hesitate to sit down.—An arm-

chair is an admirable piece of furniture. It is an article of the utmost importance to a meditative man. In the long winter evenings, it is sometimes pleasant, and always prudent, to recline in an arm-chair, removed from parties. A good fire, books, pens, and ink—what resources against *ennui*! and how delightful to forget one's books, to stir the fire, and yield to meditation—or to write a few rhymes for the amusement of one's friends:—the hours then fly swiftly away, and glide silently into eternity, while we are unconscious of their course.

## CHAP. V.

Next to my arm-chair, proceeding towards the north, stands my bed. It is placed at the further end of the apartment, and forms the most agreeable perspective imaginable. It is most happily situated; the first rays of the sun enter and play on my bed curtains. I see them, on fine summer mornings, advancing along the white wall of my apartment, as the sun gradually rises. The elms which shade my windows divide them in a thousand various ways, and they play among the pink and white curtains of my bed, diffusing by their reflection a delightful tint throughout the whole apartment. I hear the mingled chirping of the swallows on the roof of the house, and the various birds who build their nests in the elms. A thousand smiling thoughts occupy my mind, and no creature in the world awakes with more agreeable and tranquil sensations than I do.

I confess I love to enjoy these delightful moments, and I always prolong as much as possible the pleasure of meditating in bed. Is there any thing that more powerfully excites the imagination or awakens more tender ideas than a bed!—Modest reader, be not alarmed;—but surely I may be permitted to mention the happiness of the lover who for the first time presses a virtuous wife to his bosom! unspeakable rapture which my evil destiny dooms me never to taste! On a bed, the mother, transported with joy at the birth of her child, forgets her sufferings! There we are

agitated by all the giddy dreams of imagination and hope. Finally, in bed we forget, during one half of our existence, the cares and troubles of the other. But what a multitude of melancholy and agreeable thoughts press at once on my imagination! What a singular combination of terrible and delightful situations!

On a bed we are born, and on a bed we die: it is the variable stage on which mankind by turns perform interesting dramas, ludicrous farces, and frightful tragedies. It is a cradle strewed with flowers;—it is the throne of love;—it is a sepulchre.

#### CHAP. VI.

This chapter is exclusively for the metaphysician. It will throw considerable light on the nature of man: it is the prism by means of which we may analyze and decompose human faculties, by separating animal power from the pure rays of intellect.

I cannot possibly explain how and why I burnt my fingers at first setting out on my journey, without explaining to the reader, in the most minute way, my system of the *soul and the animal*. Besides, this metaphysical discovery has so much influence over all my thoughts and actions, that it would be difficult to understand my book if I did not furnish the key at the commencement.

I have ascertained, by various observations, that man consists of a soul and a body, or animal part. These two beings are absolutely distinct, yet so closely linked one in the other, or one upon the other, that the soul must possess a certain superiority over the animal part to be capable of marking the distinction.

I learned from an old professor, (the circumstance is as far back as I can remember), that Plato called matter *the other*. This is a very good term; but I should prefer applying it by way of distinction to the animal which is joined to the soul. That substance which contends with us in so singular a way, is in reality the *other*. It is very evident that man is two-fold; but, that is said to be because he consists of a soul

and a body; and the body is accused of I know not how many wicked things, certainly with great injustice, since, it is incapable either of feeling or thinking. It is the body or animal part which must be called to account, that susceptible being, truly *individual*, which has its distinct existence, tastes, inclinations and will, and which is only superior to other animals because it is more elevated and provided with more perfect organs.

Gentlemen and ladies, entertain as high an opinion as you please of your understandings; but look with an eye of distrust on the *other*, particularly when you are together.

I have made I know not how many experiments on the union of these two heterogeneous creatures. For instance, I have clearly ascertained that the soul may enforce obedience from the body, and that, by way of retaliation, the latter frequently compels the soul to act against its inclination. The grand art of a man of genius is to elevate his animal part so that it may go alone; whilst the soul, being rid of its troublesome companion, may soar to the very skies.

But this must be illustrated by another example.

When you read a book, and agreeable ideas suddenly burst upon your imagination, the soul is immediately rivetted to it, and forgets the book, whilst the eye mechanically traces the words and lines; you finish the page without understanding, or without even recollecting, what you have read; this happens because the soul has directed its companion to read, without giving notice of the little excursion it was about to make; so that the *other* continues reading whilst the soul has ceased to listen.

#### CHAP. VII.

Lest this should not be sufficiently clear, I will give another example.

One fine summer day, I was proceeding to court at the appointed hour. I had been painting all day, and my soul occupied with pleasing reflections on the art, resigned to the animal the task of transporting me to the King's palace.

What a sublime art is painting! thought my soul. Happy the man



who is fully sensible to the beauties of nature, who is not obliged to paint for his subsistence, who does not paint merely for amusement; but who, struck with the dignity of a beautiful countenance, and the admirable plays of light which blend in a thousand tints on the human face, endeavours to imitate the sublime effects of Nature! Happy the painter whom the love of landscape scenery leads into solitary rambles, and who can express on canvass the sentiment of melancholy inspired by a shady grove, or a barren heath. His works imitate and reproduce Nature! He creates new seas, and gloomy caverns which the beams of the sun have never visited. At his command verdant foliage rises out of nothing, the azure canopy of heaven is reflected in his pictures; he can agitate the breeze and make the tempest howl. At other times, he presents to the eye of the astonished spectator the luxuriant plains of ancient Sicily: the terrified nymphs are seen darting through the reeds to evade the pursuit of a satyr; temples of majestic architecture raise their superb domes above the sacred groves that surround them. The imagination is lost in the silent labyrinths of this ideal region; in the distance the blue hills mingle with the horizon, and the whole landscape reflected on the glassy surface of a tranquil stream, forms a spectacle which no language can describe. Whilst my soul was making these reflections, the other was proceeding on its way, and heaven knows whither it might have gone! Instead of proceeding to court as it had been directed, it gradually turned to the left, and my soul overtook it at Madame de Hautcastel's door, half a mile from the royal palace.

I leave the reader to judge what might have been the consequence, had it gone alone to visit so charming a woman.

## CHAP. VIII.

If it be useful and agreeable to possess a soul so perfectly independent of the body, that we may suffer it to travel alone whenever we think fit, this faculty is nevertheless attended with inconvenience. It occasioned me to burn my

fingers severely, a circumstance to which I have already alluded. I generally allot to my animal part the office of preparing breakfast; it cuts the bread in slices, toasts it, makes excellent coffee, and not unfrequently drinks it without the concurrence of the soul; at least the latter merely looks on for amusement; but this is a power of rare and difficult attainment. It is easy, when we are engaged in any mechanical operation, to think on some other object; but it is extremely difficult to watch as it were over our own actions. Or, to explain myself according to my system, to occupy the soul in observing the motions of the body, and in seeing it operate, as it were, without participation. This is the most astonishing metaphysical effort of which man is capable.

I had placed the tongs across the fire, in order to toast my bread, and some time after, whilst my soul was wandering, a piece of burning wood fell from the grate. My poor body stretched forth its hand to reach the tongs, and I burnt my fingers.

## CHAP. IX.

I hope I have sufficiently developed my ideas in the foregoing chapters, to afford the reader a subject for reflection, and to enable him to make discoveries in this brilliant career. He cannot but be pleased with it, if he should one day succeed in making his soul journey alone. The pleasure which this faculty must afford cannot fail to compensate for all the *qui-proquos* to which it may possibly give rise. Can any thing be more delightful than thus to extend one's existence, to occupy earth and heaven at the same moment, and to double, as it were, one's being? Is not the eternal and insatiable desire of man to augment his power and his faculties, to wish to be where he is not, to recal the past, and to live in the future? He is anxious to command armies, to preside over academies, and to be adorned by the fair; and, when all these objects are gained, he regrets the tranquillity of rural life, and looks down with envy on the shepherd's cot; his plans and hopes

are unceasingly wretched upon the real misfortunes of human life. He can never attain happiness. A quarter of an hour's journey with me will point out the road to it.

Alas ! why not leave to the *other* all these miserable cares, all this tormenting ambition ! Come, unhappy beings ! make one effort to gain your liberty, and from the heaven to which I shall conduct you, from amidst the celestial shades of the Empyrean, you may look down on this nether world, and observe how the body pursues its career of fortune and honour. See with what gravity it journeys onward among its fellow-men ; the busy throng respectfully retire as it passes, and believe me, nobody will ever suspect that it is alone. Whether it be provided with a soul, and whether it be capable of thinking, are questions which the multitude will never take into consideration. Thousands of sentimental women will love it to madness, without ever discovering the deficiency ; it may, without the aid of a soul, rise to the highest pinnacle of fortune and favour. Nay, I should not be astonished if on our descent from the upper regions, the soul should find its abode in the body of some distinguished nobleman.

#### CHAP. X.

Let not the reader suppose that, instead of keeping my promise, by describing the journey round my chamber, I am making useless digressions to rid myself of the task ; this would be a serious mistake, for I am, in the meanwhile, proceeding on my travels. In the preceding chapters, whilst my soul, recoiling on itself, wandered through all the tortuous mazes of metaphysics, I was seated in my arm-chair, the two fore feet of which I had raised about two inches from the ground ; and, by balancing myself first to the right and then to the left, I gained ground by degrees, until I unconsciously arrived close to the wall.—This is my usual mode of travelling when I am not pressed for time. On reaching the wall my hand mechanically seized the portrait of Madame de Hautcastel, and

the *other* found amusement in brushing off the dust with which the picture was covered.—From this occupation it experienced a tranquil kind of pleasure—a pleasure which was also communicated to my soul, though lost in the vast expanse of Heaven, for it is well to observe, that when the mind thus wanders in space, it is always connected with the senses by some secret link ; so that without suspending its occupations, it may participate in the tranquil enjoyments of the *other*. But should the pleasure be augmented to a certain degree, or should some unexpected object strike upon the senses, the soul immediately resumes its place with the swiftness of lightning.

This is precisely what happened to me whilst I was engaged in cleaning the portrait.

In proportion as the cloth brushed off the dust, and discovered the ringlets of fair hair, and the wreath of roses that confined them, my soul, though soaring amidst the clouds, felt a slight thrilling pleasure, and sympathetically shared the delight of my heart. The pleasure became less confused, and more lively, when the cloth, with a single stroke, swept away the dust from Madame de Hautcastel's radiant forehead : my soul was on the point of darting from heaven to enjoy the sight. Had it been wandering in Elysium, or listening to a concert of cherubims, it would not have tarried half a second, when its companion seized a damp sponge, and passing it gently over the eyes—the nose—the cheeks—the pretty mouth.—Heavens ! how my heart beats :—over the chin, the throat, the bosom—all was the work of an instant :—the whole figure seemed to rise out of nothing—My soul dropped from Heaven like a falling star ; it found the *other* in a transporting ecstasy, which it augmented by participation. This singular and unexpected situation made me entirely lose sight both of time and distance—For a moment I existed in the past, and had grown young contrary to the order of Nature.—Yes, I once again beheld the adored Madame de Hautcastel,—it was herself—I saw her smile,—she was



about to speak, to confess she loved me.—How beautiful she appeared!—Come, I exclaimed, let me press thee to my heart, soul of my existence, my second life!—Share with me this delight, this rapture.—The moment was short, but it was transporting; cold Reason speedily resumed her empire, and, in the twinkling of an eye, I grew a whole year older;—my heart was cold, frozen, and I sunk to the level of the indifferent multitude who encumbered the earth.

## CHAP. XI.

How difficult it is to calculate on events !—My eagerness to make the reader acquainted with my system of the soul and body, made me relinquish the description of my bed sooner than I intended ; when that is finished, I will resume my journey from the point where I stopped in the preceding chapter.—I must beg the reader to recollect, that we left *one half of myself* holding Madame de Hautcastel's portrait, close to the wall, about three paces from my bureau.—In alluding to my bed, I forgot to advise every man to have pink and white bed-curtains, if he can possibly procure them ; it is certain, that colours have such an influence over us as to raise or depress the spirits, according as their tints are gay or sombre.—Pink and white are two colours sacred to pleasure and happiness.—Nature, in bestowing them on the rose, has granted her the crown of the empire of Flora ;—and Heaven, to announce a fine day, tinges the clouds with these delightful hues.

One day we were ascending a hill by rather a deep path; the beautiful Rosalie was tripping before us:—her natural agility seemed to lend her wings, and we found it impossible to keep pace with her.—She suddenly stopped to recover breath, and turning round, smiled at the lingering pace with

which we were advancing.—Never, perhaps, did the two colours which I have just been eulogizing, appear with so triumphant an effect. Her flushed cheeks, her coral lips, her brilliant white teeth, and her alabaster neck, on a back ground of verdure, produced the most beautiful picture that can be conceived. We involuntarily stopped to gaze on her ;—I say nothing of her blue eyes, and her dimpled smiles ; that would be wandering from my subject, and besides, I wish to think on them as seldom as possible. It is enough that I have given an excellent example of the superiority of pink and white over all other colours, and their influence on the happiness of man.

I shall proceed no further to-day.—Every other subject must appear insipid—every other idea must vanish before this.—I don't even know when I shall be able to sit down to write again. Should I continue my narrative, and should the reader wish to see an end of it, he must address himself to the angel who presides over thought, and entreat that he will not again introduce the image of the hillock, among the multitude of unconnected ideas with which he every moment fills my mind.

If this precaution be not taken, there is an end of journey.

CHAP. XII.

**The hillock**

CHAP. XIII.

My efforts are all in vain : I find I must give up the contest, and halt, in spite of myself ; it is a military station.

**Concluded in our next.**

## CHARACTER OF BOWLES'S POETRY.

From Blackwood's (Ed.) Magazine, Oct. 1819.\*

**N**EVER were any two poets more unlike each other than Bowles and Coleridge; and we believe that the associating principle of contrast has now recalled to our remembrance the author of so many beautiful strains of mere human affection and sensibility, after we have been indulging ourselves in the wild and wonderful fictions of that magician. Coleridge appears before us in his native might, only when walking thro' the mistiness of preternatural fear; and even over his pictures of ordinary life, and its ordinary emotions, there is ever and anon the "glimmer and the gloom" of an imagination that loves to steal away from the earth we inhabit, and to bring back upon it a lovelier, and richer, and more mysterious light, from the haunts of another world. Bowles, on the contrary, looks on human life with delighted tenderness and love, and unreservedly opens all the pure and warm affections of the most amiable of hearts, to all those impulses, and impressions, and joys, and sorrows, which make up the sum of our mortal happiness or misery. He is, beyond doubt, one of the most pathetic of our English poets. The *past* is to him the source of the tenderest inspirations; and while Coleridge summons from a world of shadows the imaginary beings of his own wild creation, to seize upon, to fascinate, and to enchain our souls in a pleasing dread,—Bowles recalls from death and oblivion the human friends whom his heart loved in the days of old—the human affections that once flowed purely, peacefully, and beautifully between them—and trusts, for his dominion over the spirits of his readers, to thoughts which all human beings may recognise, for they are thoughts which all human beings must, in a greater or less degree, have experienced. Coleridge is rich in fancy and imagination—Bowles in sensibility and tenderest passion. The genius of the one

would delight to fling the radiance or the mists of fiction over the most common tale of life—that of the other would clothe even a tale of fiction with the saddest and most mournful colours of reality. Fear and wonder are the attendant spirits of Coleridge—pity and sadness love to walk by the side of Bowles. We have heard—indeed they themselves have told us—that these poets greatly admire the genius of each other; nor is it surprising that it should be so; for how delightful must it be for Bowles, to leave, at times, the "quiet homestead," where his heart indulges its melancholy dreams of human life, and to accompany the "winged bard" on his wild flights into a far-off land!—and how can it be less delightful to Coleridge to return from the dreary shadowiness of his own haunted regions, back into the bosom of peace, tenderness, and quiet joy!

We intend, on an early occasion, to take a survey of all Mr. Bowles's poetical works; for some of them are, we suspect, not very generally known, and even those which are established in the classical poetry of this age, are not so universally familiar as they ought to be to our countrymen in Scotland. Mr. Bowles was a popular poet before any one of the great poets of the day arose, except Crabbe and Rogers; and though the engrossing popularity of some late splendid productions has thrown his somewhat into the shade, yet, though little talked of, we are greatly mistaken if they are not very much read—if they have not a home and an abiding in the heart of England. The extreme grace and elegance of his diction, the sweetness and occasional richness of his versification, and his fresh and teeming imagery, would of themselves be sufficient to give him a respectable and permanent station among our poets; but when to these qualities are added a pure, natural, and unaffected pathos, a subduing tenderness, and a strain of genuine passion, we need not scruple

\* The Missionary, &c. by Rev. W. Bowles. London, 1819.



to say that Mr. Bowles possesses more of the poetical character than some who enjoy a more splendid reputation, and that while they sink with sinking fashion and caprice, he will rise with rising nature and truth.

At present we shall content ourselves with quoting a few passages from Mr. Bowles' last poem, the *Missionary*—not that we think it, with all its manifold beauties, by any means his best, but because we suspect that it is the least known of all his productions.

We give the author's words in his preface, in order to explain the groundwork of the subject. "The circumstance on which this poem is founded, that a Spanish commander, with his army, in South America, was destroyed by the Indians, in consequence of the treachery of his page, who was a native, and that only a priest was saved, is taken from history."

The poem opens with the following fine description of the scenery of South America.

Beneath aerial cliffs, and glittering snows,  
The rush-roof of an aged Warrior rose,  
Chief of the mountain tribes; high, overhead,  
The Andes, wild and desolate, were spread,  
Where cold Sierras shot their icy spires,  
And *Chillan* trail'd its smoke and smould'ring fires.

A glen beneath—a lonely spot of rest—  
Hung, scarce discover'd, like an eagle's nest.

Summer was in its prime:—the parrot-flocks  
Darken'd the passing sunshine on the rocks;  
The chrysol and purple butterfly,  
Amid the clear blue light, are wand'ring by;  
The humming-bird, along the myrtle bow'rs,  
With twinkling wing, is spinning o'er the flow'rs,  
The woodpecker is heard with busy bill,  
The mock-bird sings—and all beside is still.  
And look! the cataract that bursts so high,  
As not to mar the deep tranquillity,  
The tumult of its dashing fall suspends,  
And, stealing drop by drop, in mist descends;  
Through whose illumin'd spray and sprinkling dews,  
Shine to the adverse sun the broken rainbow hues.

Check'ring, with partial shade, the beams of noon,  
And arching the gray rock with wild festoon,  
*Here*, its gay net-work, and fantastic twine,  
The purple cogul threads from pine to pine,  
And oft, as the fresh airs of morning breathe,  
Dips its long tendrils in the stream beneath.  
*There*, through the trunks, with moss and lichens  
white,

The sunshine darts its interrupted light,  
And, 'mid the cedar's darksome boughs, illumines,  
With instant touch, the *Lori's* scarlet plumes.

So smiles the scene;—but can its smiles impart  
Aught to console yon mourning Warrior's heart?

He heeds not now, when beautifully bright  
The humming-bird is circling in his sight;  
Nor e'en, above his head, when air is still,  
Hears the green woodpecker's resounding bill;  
But gazing on the rocks and mountains wild,  
Rock after rock, in glittering masses pil'd  
To the volcano's cone, that shoots so high  
Gray smoke whose column stains the cloudless sky,  
He cries, 'Oh! if thy spirit yet be fled  
To the pale kingdoms of the shadowy dead—  
In yonder tract of purest light above,  
Dear long-lost object of a father's love,  
Dost thou abide? or like a shadow come,  
Circling the scenes of thy remember'd home,  
And passing with the breeze? or, in the beam  
Of evening, light the desert mountain stream?  
Or at deep midnight are thine accents heard,  
In the sad notes of that melodious bird,  
Which, as we listen with mysterious dread,  
Brings tidings from our friends and fathers dead?

'Perhaps, beyond those summits far away  
Thine eyes yet view the living light of day;  
Sad, in the stranger's land, thou may'st sustain  
A weary life of servitude and pain,  
With wasted eye gaze on the orient beam,  
And think of these white rocks and torrent-stream,  
Never to hear the summer cocoa wave,  
Or weep upon thy father's distant grave.'

We can conceive nothing more natural, nor more affectingly beautiful than the following description of the children of *Atacpac*, the mountain-chief.

In other days, when, in his manly pride,  
Two children for a father's fondness vied—  
Oft they essay'd, in mimic strife to wield  
His lance, or laughing peep'd behind his shield.  
Oft in the sun, or the magnolia's shade,  
Lightsome of heart as gay of look, they play'd,  
Brother and sister: She, along the dew,  
Blithe as the squirrel of the forest flew;  
Blue rushes wreath'd her head; her dark brown hair  
Fell, gently lifted, on her bosom bare;  
Her necklace shone, of sparkling insects made,  
That flit, like specks of fire, from sun to shade;  
Light was her form; a clasp of silver brae'd  
The azure-dyed ichella round her waist;  
Her ankles rung with shells, as, unconfin'd,  
She danc'd, and sung wild carols to the wind,  
With snow-white teeth, and laughter in her eye—  
So beautiful in youth, she bounded by.

Yet kindness sat upon her aspect bland,—  
The tame Alpaca stood and lick'd her hand;  
She brought him gather'd moss, and lov'd to deck  
With flow'ry twine his tall and stately neck,  
Whilst he with silent gratitude replies,  
And bends to her caress his large blue eyes.

These children danc'd together in the shade,  
Or stretch'd their hands to see the rainbow fade;  
Or sat and mock'd, with imitative glee,  
The paroquet, that laugh'd from tree to tree;  
Or through the forest's wildest solitude,  
From glen to glen, the marmozet pursued;  
And thought the light of parting day too short,  
That call'd them ling'ring from their daily sport.

In that fair season of awak'ning life,

When dawning youth and childhood are at strife;  
When on the verge of thought gay boyhood stands  
Tiptoe with glist'ning eye and outspread hands;  
With airy look, and form and footstep light,  
And glossy locks, and features berry-bright,  
And eye like the young eaglet's, to the ray  
Of noon unblenching, as he sails away;

A brede of sea-shells on his bosom strung,  
A small stone hatchet o'er his shoulders slung,  
With slender lance, and feathers, blue and red,  
That, like the heron's crest, wav'd on his head—  
Buoyant with hope, and airiness, and joy,  
*Lautaro* was the loveliest Indian boy:

Taught by his sire, ev'n now he drew the bow,  
Or track'd the jaguar on the morning snow;  
Startled the Condor on the craggy height;  
Then silent sat, and marked its upward flight,  
Lessening in ether to a speck of white.

But when th' impassion'd Chieftain spoke of war,  
Smote his broad breast, or pointed to a scar—  
Spoke of the strangers of the distant main,  
And the proud banners of insulting Spain—  
Of the barb'd horse and iron horseman spoke,  
And his red Gods, that wrapt in rolling smoke,—  
Roar'd from the guns—the Boy, with still-drawn  
breath,

Hung on the wond'rous tale, as mute as death;  
Then rais'd his animated eyes, and cried,  
‘O let me perish by my father's side!’

The Warrior blesses his young son,  
and the family retire to repose, when  
their slumbers are suddenly broken by  
the attack of a fierce band of Spaniards,  
who, notwithstanding the desperate re-  
sistance of the distracted father, bear off,  
as their prize, his young son *Lautaro*.

Seven snows had fallen, and seven green summers  
passed,

Since here he heard that son's loved accents last.  
Still his beloved daughter soothed his cares,  
While time began to strew with white his hairs.  
Oft as his painted feathers he unbound,  
Or gazed upon his hatchet on the ground,  
Musing with deep despair, nor strove to speak,  
Light she approached, and climbed to reach his  
cheek,

Held with both hands his forehead, then her head  
Drew smiling back, and kissed the tear he shed.

But late, to grief and hopeless love a prey,  
She left his side, and wandered far away.  
Now in this still and sheltered glen that smiled  
Beneath the crags of precipices wild,  
Wrapt in a stern yet sorrowful repose,  
The Warrior half forgot his country's woes,—  
Forgot how many, impotent to save,  
Shed their best blood upon a father's grave;  
How many, torn from wife and children, pine  
In the dark caverns of the hopeless mine,  
Never to see again the blessed morn—  
Slaves in the lovely land where they were born;  
How many, at sad sun-set, with a tear,  
The distant roar of sullen cannon hear,  
Whilst evening seems, as dies the sound, to throw  
A deadlier stillness on a nation's woe!

The Chief is interrupted in his me-  
lancholy musing by the call of his  
countrymen to arms, and their apply-  
ing to him as their leader. His address  
to the sun is, we think, very poetical,  
and the concluding lines are character-  
ized by Mr. Bowles' usual pathos.

The Mountain-chief essayed his club to wield,  
And shook the dust indignant from the shield.  
Then spoke:—

‘O Thou! that with thy ling'ring light  
Dost warm the world, till all is hushed in night;  
I look upon thy parting beams, O Sun!  
And say, ‘Even thus my course is almost run.’

‘When thou dost hide thy head, as in the grave,  
And sink to glorious rest beneath the wave,  
Dost thou, majestic in repose, retire  
Below the deep, to unknown worlds of fire?  
Yet, tho' thou sinkest, awful, in the main,  
The shadowy moon comes forth, and all the train  
Of stars, that shine with soft and silent light,  
Making so beautiful the brow of night  
Thus, when I sleep within the narrow bed,  
The light of after-fame around shall spread;  
The sons of distant Ocean, when they see  
The grass-green heap beneath the mountain tree,  
And hear the leafy boughs at evening wave,  
Shall pause and say, ‘There sleep in dust the brave!’

‘All earthly hopes my lonely heart have fled!  
*Stern Guccubu, angel of the dead,*  
Who laughest when the brave in pangs expire,  
Whose dwelling is beneath the central fire  
Of yonder burning mountain; who has passed  
O'er my poor dwelling, and with one fell blast  
Scattered my summer-leaves that clustered round,  
And swept my fairest blossoms to the ground;  
*Angel of dire despair,* O come not nigh,  
Nor wave thy red wings o'er me where I lie:  
But thou, O mild and gentle spirit, stand,  
Angel of hope and peace, at my right hand.  
(When blood-drops stagnate on my brow) and guide  
My pathless voyage o'er the unknown tide,  
To scenes of endless joy—to that fair isle,  
Where bowers of bliss, and soft savannahs smile;  
Where my forefathers oft the fight renew,  
And Spain's black visionary steeds pursue:  
Where, ceased the struggles of all human pain,  
I may behold thee—thee—my son, again.’

The next image presented is the re-  
pose of the Spanish general's army,  
and the reflections that employed him  
even in sleep, contrasted with the sad  
feelings of his page, *Lautaro*.

On the broad ocean, where the moonlight slept,  
Thoughtful he turned his waking eyes, and wept,  
And whilst the thronging forms of mem'ry start,  
Thus holds communion with his lonely heart:  
‘*Land of my Fathers,* still I tread your shore,  
And mourn the shade of hours that are no more:  
Whilst night-airs, like remembered voices, sweep,  
And murmur from the undulating deep.  
Was it thy voice, my Father?—thou art dead—  
The green rush waves on thy forsaken bed.



Was it thy voice, my Sister?—gentle maid,  
 Thou too perhaps in the dark cave art laid:  
 Perhaps even now, thy spirit sees me stand  
 A homeless stranger in my native land:  
 Perhaps, e'en now, along the moonlight sea  
 It bends from the blue cloud, remembering me.  
*Land of my Fathers*, yet—O yet forgive  
 That with thy deadly enemies I live.  
 The tenderest ties (it boots not to relate)  
 Have bound me to their service and their fate:  
 Yet whether on Peru's war-wasted plain,  
 Or visiting these sacred shores again—  
 Whate'er the struggles of this heart may be—  
*Land of my Fathers*, it shall beat for thee!

The supposed appearance of the Genius of the Andes, which opens the second canto, is extremely well-conceived, and the imagery which dismisses the Spirit possesses great beauty. The military preparations of Valdivia are described in the same style of grandeur—in particular the war-horse and dress of the general and his page Lautaro.

The sun ascended to meridian height,  
 And all the northern bastions shone in light:  
 With hoarse acclaim the gong and trumpet rung—  
 The Moorish slaves aloft the symbols swung—  
 When the proud victor, in triumphant state,  
 Rode forth, in arms, through the port-cullis gate.

With neck high-arching as he smote the ground—  
 And restless pawing to the trumpet's sound—  
 With mantling mane, o'er his broad shoulders spread—

And nostrils blowing, and dilated red—  
 The coal-black steed, in rich caparison  
 Far-trailing to the ground, went proudly on:  
 Proudly he tramp'd, as conscious of his charge  
 And turned around his eye-balls, bright and large,  
 And shook the frothy boss, as in disdain:  
 And toss'd the flakes, indignant, of his mane:  
 And, with high-swelling veins, exulting pressed  
 Proudly against the barb his heaving breast.

The fate of empires glowing in his thought—  
 Thus armed, the tented field *Valdivia* sought.  
 On the left side his poised shield he bore,  
 With quaint devices richly blazoned o'er;  
 Above the plumes, upon his helmet's cone,  
 Castile's imperial crest illustrious shone:  
 Blue in the wind th' escutcheoned mantle flowed  
 O'er the chained mail, which tinkled as he rode.  
 The barred vizor raised, you might discern  
 His clime-changed countenance, tho' pale, yet stern,  
 And resolute as death—whilst in his eye  
 Sat proud Assurance, Fame, and Victory.

*Lautaro*, now in manhood's rising pride,  
 Rode, with a lance, attendant at his side  
 In Spanish mantle gracefully arrayed:  
 Upon his brow a tuft of feathers played:  
 His glossy locks, with dark and mantling grace,  
 Shaded the noon-day sun-beams on his face.  
 Though passed in tears the day-spring of his youth,  
*Valdivia* loved his gratitude and truth:  
 He in *Valdivia* owned a nobler friend;  
 Kind to protect and mighty to defend.

2Z ATHENEUM. VOL. 6.

So, on he rode: upon his youthful mien  
 A mild but sad intelligence was seen:  
 Courage was on his open brow, yet Care  
 Seemed like a wand'ring shade to linger there:  
 And though his eye shone, as the eagle's, bright,  
 It beamed with humid, melancholy light.

In the exultation of the hour, *Valdivia* addresses the attendant youth, asking if he thought it possible that the Indians could withstand such an army as was now before them. The following is the answer of *Lautaro*:

'Forgive!'—the Youth replied, and checked a tear—

'The land where my forefathers sleep, is dear;—  
 My native land;—this spot of blessed earth,  
 The scene where I, and all I love, had birth!—  
 What gratitude fidelity can give,  
 Is yours, my Lord!—you shielded—bade me live,  
 When, in the circuit of the world so wide,  
 I had but one, one only friend beside.  
 I bowed—resigned to Fate; I kissed the hand,  
 Red with the best blood of my *Father's* land!  
 But mighty as thou art, *Valdivia*, know,  
 Though Cortez' desolating march laid low  
 The shrines of rich, voluptuous Mexico—  
 With carcasses though proud Pizarro strew  
 The Sun's Imperial temple at Peru—  
 Yet the rude dwellers of this land are brave,  
 And the last spot they lose will be their grave!'

Then first, when *Valdivia* turns away in anger, and *Lautaro* retires from the scene, we are introduced to the Missionary. The scenery, in the midst of which stands his oratory, again gives occasion for the exercise of that power of description, which Mr. Bowles possesses in a degree equal to the best poets of his country. We give a part which impressed us with the most lively pleasure.

Just heard to trickle through a covert near,  
 And soothing, with perpetual lapse, the ear,  
 A fount, like rain-drops, filter'd thro' the stone—  
 And, bright as amber, on the shallows shone.  
 Intent his fairy pastime to pursue,  
 And, gem-like, hovering o'er the violets blue,  
 The humming-bird, here, its unceasing song  
 Heedlessly murmur'd all the summer long,  
 And when the winter came, retir'd to rest,  
 And from the myrtles hung its trembling nest.  
 No sounds of a conflicting world were near;  
 The noise of ocean faintly met the ear,  
 That seem'd, as sunk to rest the noon-tide blast,  
 But dying sounds of passions that were past;  
 Or closing anthems, when, far off, expire  
 The lessening echoes of the distant choir.

The meek and holy character of *Anselmo* is amply expressed in the lines—

There was no worldly feeling in his eye,—  
The world to him 'was as a thing gone by.'

The lessons of piety and resignation by which he instructs his young convert Lautaro, and the relation of the tale of his misfortunes, are given with that sweetness and simplicity which the character demands, and which indeed pervade the whole poem.

The adopted daughter of the Missionary has become the wife of Lautaro, which is the tie that binds him to the Spaniards. Another personage is now introduced, and one, the novelty of which is extremely pleasing—not that we mean to say that an inconstant lover is by any means new, but the mixture of gayety and melancholy, of warmth of heart and instability of principle, forms the charm which envelopes Zarinel the minstrel. He comes to Anselmo to relieve his conscience by a confession of his cruelty to "an Indian maid," who trusted, and was by him deserted. This, it will be readily conjectured, was the daughter of Atacapac, and sister of Lautaro, who found him in distress, pitied and led him to her father's hut.

'The father spoke not:—by the pine-wood blaze,  
The daughter stood—and turn'd a cake of maize.  
And then as sudden shone the light, I saw  
Such features as no artist hand might draw.  
Her form, her face, her symmetry, her air—  
Father! thy age must such recital spare—  
She saved my life—and kindness, if not love  
Might sure in time the coldest bosom move—  
Mine was not cold—she lov'd to hear me sing,  
And sometimes touch'd with playful hand the  
string—

And when I wak'd some melancholy strain,  
She wept, and smil'd—and bade me sing again—  
So many a happy day, in this deep glen,  
Far from the noise of life, and sounds of men,  
Was pass'd! Nay! father, the sad sequel hear—  
'Twas now the leafy spring-time of the year—  
Ambition called me: True, I knew, to part  
Would break her generous and her trusting heart—  
True, I had vow'd—but now estranged and cold  
She saw my look, and shuddered to behold—  
She would go with me—leave the lonely glade  
Where she grew up, but my stern voice forbade—  
She hid her face and wept—'Go then away,  
(Father, methinks, even now I hear her say)  
'Go to thy distant land—forget this tear—  
Forget these rocks,—forget I once was dear.—  
Fly to the world, o'er the wide ocean fly,  
And leave me unremembered here to die!  
Yet to my father should I all relate,  
Death, instant death, would be a traitor's fate!'

Yet notwithstanding her pathetic remonstrances, ambition conquers love—he leaves "her sorrows and the scene behind,"—and for this he craves absolution from the father. Though all Anselmo's admonition is equally excellent, we think these two lines all-expressive:

'First by deep penitence the wrong atone,  
Then absolution ask from God alone!'

The succeeding canto presents many sublime and terrific scenes. The different appearance of the several Indian warriors, particularly Caupolican—their solemn invocation of their "country-gods"—their denunciations of vengeance against the tyrants who invade their rights,—is told in the most forcible manner, and bear the attention along with eager impetuosity during the continuance of these mysterious ceremonies, and examination of the unfortunate Spanish captive, who, as he tremblingly pronounces the name of the hostile commander, and casts the billet into the trench, excites the renewed rage of the assembled avengers.

*Warrior.*

'Cast in the lot.'

———Again, with looks aghast,  
The captive in the trench a billet cast.

'Pronounce his name who here pollutes the plain,  
The leader of the mailed hosts of Spain?'

*Captive.*

'Valdivia!'

At that name a sudden cry  
Burst forth, and every lance was lifted high.

*Warrior.*

'Valdivia!—Earth upon the billet heap;  
So may a tyrant's heart be buried deep!  
The dark woods echoed to the long acclaim,  
'Accursed be his nation and his name!'

Their appalling conference is interrupted.

It ceas'd; when bursting from the thickest wood,  
With lifted axe, two gloomy warriors stood;  
Wan in the midst, with dark and streaming hair,  
Blown by the winds upon her bosom bare,  
A woman, faint from terror's wild alarms,  
And folding a white infant in her arms,  
Appeared. Each warrior stooped his lance to gaze  
On her pale looks, seen ghastlier through the blaze.  
'Save!' she exclaimed, with harrowed aspect wild,  
'Oh, save my innocent—my helpless child!'  
Then fainting fell, as from death's instant stroke.



To the inquiries of the Chiefs from whence they come, the answer is, that the ship in which the Spanish woman was, being wrecked, and the seamen having borne her and her child to shore, they were attacked and massacred by the Indians, leaving these two helpless beings now brought there for the sacrifice. They are saved by the intercession of the Mountain-chief. This is the speech of Caupolican :

*' White woman, we were free,  
When first thy brethren of the distant sea  
Came to our shores ! White woman, theirs the guilt !  
Theirs, if the blood of innocence be spilt ;  
Yet blood we seek not, though our arms oppose  
The hate of foreign and remorseless foes :  
Thou camest here a captive—so abide,  
Till the Great Spirit shall our cause decide.'*  
He spoke : the warriors of the night obey ;  
And, ere the earliest streak of dawning day,  
They led her from the scene of blood away.

The Spanish woman is next represented bound, and pale, and weeping over her slumbering child, when a female voice resounds through the gloomy solitude, and an Indian maid appears, who, impelled by compassion, has been induced to visit, and endeavour to relieve the captive ; on hearing whose story, when she is told that the wretched mother was following a beloved husband, the tender recollections of the Indian are awakened, and finely shewn in her impassioned exclamation.

*' Oh ! did he love thee then ? let death betide,  
Yes, from this cavern I will be thy guide.  
Nay, do not shrink ! from Caracalla's bay,  
Even now, the Spaniards wind their march this way.  
As late in yester eve I paced the shore,  
I heard their signal-guns at distance roar.  
Wilt thou not follow ? He will shield thy child—  
The Christian's God, through passes dark and wild  
He will direct thy way ! Come, follow me,  
Oh yet be lov'd, be happy, and be free !  
But I, an outcast on my native plain,  
The poor Olola ne'er shall smile again !'  
So guiding from the cave, when all was still,  
And pointing to the farthest glimmering hill,  
The Indian led, till on Itata's side  
The Spanish camp and night-fires they descried :  
Then on the stranger's neck that wild maid fell,  
And said... Thy own gods prosper thee !... Farewell !'*

Canto the sixth. From the festivities of "the Castle Hall" Lautaro retires to "wander by the moonlight sea," his bosom torn with sad remembrance. A scene of great interest there

ensues between him and the unhappy Olola, whom at first he knows not ; but after she had fled, a sudden thought flashes on his mind that he has beheld his sister.

Zarinel, whose minstrelsy, meanwhile, had delighted the revellers, now languid and weary from the past gayety, and with a mind at variance with itself, seeks the shore.

*As thus, with shadow stretching o'er the sand,  
He mused and wandered on the winding strand,  
At distance, tossed upon the foaming tide,  
A dark and floating substance he espied.  
He stood, and where the eddying surges beat,  
An Indian corse was rolled beneath his feet :  
The hollow wave retired with sullen sound—  
The face of that sad corse was to the ground ;  
It seemed a female, by the slender form ;  
He touched the hand—it was no longer warm ;  
He turned its face—oh ! God, that eye though dim,  
Seemed with its deadly glare as fixed on him.  
How sunk his shudd'ring sense, how chang'd his hue,  
When poor Olola in that corse he knew !  
Lautaro, rushing from the rocks, advanced ;  
His keen eye, like a startled eagle's, glanced :  
'Tis she !—he knew her by a mark impressed  
From earliest infancy beneath her breast.*

*' Oh, my poor sister ! when all hopes were past  
Of meeting, do we meet—thus meet—at last ?'  
Then, full on Zarinel, as one amazed,  
With rising wrath and stern suspicion gazed ;  
(For Zarinel still knelt upon the sand,  
And to his forehead pressed the dead maid's hand.)*

*' Speak ! whence art thou ?'*

Pale Zarinel, his head  
Upraising, answered:

*' Peace is with the dead !  
Him dost thou seek who injured thine and thee ?  
Here—strike the fell assassin—I am he !  
'Die !' he exclaimed, and with convulsive start  
Instant had plunged the dagger in his heart,  
When the meek father, with his holy book,  
And placid aspect, met his frenzied look—  
He trembled—struck his brow—and turning round,  
Flung the uplifted dagger to the ground.  
Then murmured—' Father, Heaven has heard thy  
prayer—  
But oh ! the sister of my soul... lies there !  
The Christian's God has triumphed ! Father, heap  
Some earth upon her bones, whilst I go weep !—'*

The seventh canto is taken up with the warlike preparations of the Spaniards, till the final engagement, all which is conducted with great spirit and dignity of expression. The following is the energetic account of the decisive moment :

*With breathless expectation, on the height  
Lautaro watched the long and dubious fight :  
Pale and resigned the meek man stood...and pressed  
More close the holy image to his breast.*

Now nearer to the fight Lautaro drew,  
 When on the ground a Warrior met his view,  
 Upon whose features Memory seemed to trace  
 A faint resemblance of his *Father's* face ;  
 Over him a horseman, with collected might,  
 Raised his uplifted sword in act to smite,  
 When the Youth springing on, without a word,  
 Snatched from a soldier's wearied grasp the sword  
 And smote the horseman through the crest: a yell  
 Of triumph burst, as to the ground he fell.  
 Lautaro shouted: 'On! brave brothers on!  
 Scatter them like the snow!—the day is won!  
 Lo, I! *Lautaro—Atacapac's son!*'

The Indians rally inspired with fresh courage, attack the enemy anew, and in a few moments the fate of the Spaniards is decided. The shouts of victory ascend—Valdivia is made prisoner. Anselmo, too, is carried away captive, and Zarinel expiates by death his injuries to Olola.

The last canto records the fate of the devoted Valdivia, which Lautaro is unable to prevent. The aged and mortally wounded Atacapac survives

but to know and embrace his son. The Missionary is preserved, and, in the Spanish woman and her infant, Lautaro finds his wife and child.

The last duties are paid to the remains of the Mountain-chief; and such is Anselmo's concluding prayer:

'Here, too,' he cried 'my bones in peace shall rest!  
 Few years remain to me...and never more  
 Shall I behold, oh Spain! thy distant shore!  
 Here lay my bones, that the same tree may wave  
 O'er the poor *Christian's* and the *Indian's* grave.  
 O may it—(when the sons of future days  
 Shall hear our tale, and on the hillock gaze)  
 O may it teach that charity should bind,  
 Where'er they roam the brothers of mankind!  
 The time shall come, when wildest tribes shall hear  
 Thy voice O *Christ!* and drop the slaughtering spear.  
 'Yet we condemn not him who bravely stood  
 To seal his country's freedom with his blood;  
 And if in after times a ruthless band  
 Of fell invaders sweep my native land—  
 May she, by *Chili's* stern example led,  
 Hurl back his thunder on the assailant's head!  
 Sustained by freedom, strike the avenging blow  
 And learn one virtue from her ancient foe!

## THE LOST TRIBES OF ISRAEL—SOUTH AMERICAN CUSTOMS, &c.

Extracted from the Literary Gazette, November 1819.

SOUTHEY'S HISTORY OF BRAZIL. PART  
 III. London 1819.

**P**URSUING the history of the savages who bordered on each other in wilds and forests, the author relates some extraordinary particulars respecting the Calchaquis.

"On this side also were the fierce tribes comprehended under the general name of Calchaquis, from the country they inhabited,—a long valley between mountains, which afforded them safe places of retreat. Their language was a dialect of the Quichua, and their origin has been variously referred to some Peruvians flying from the despotism of the Incas; to those who escaped from Almagro on his miserable expedition into Chili; and to the adherents of the last princes of the Inca blood. Early writers, fond of theory, after looking every where for the lost tribes of Israel, suppose these people to be of Jewish origin, because names were found among them resembling David and Solomon; because it was their custom, that a sur-

vivor should raise up seed to his deceased brother; and because their garments, which were long enough to reach the ground, were gathered up with a girdle. This garment was made of vicuna wool, and was girt about them with great dexterity, when they wished to have their limbs at full liberty, for labour or for battle. They wore their hair long, and divided into tresses; their arms were covered to the elbow with silver or copper plates, worn on the one as a guard against the bow-string, and on the other for uniformity, or ornament. Wives were dressed in only one colour, maidens in many; and no sexual intercourse was tolerated till the youth had undergone certain religious ceremonies. Other vestiges of a civilization from which they had degraded, were found among them. They had little idols wrought in copper, which they carried about them as their most precious things: and amid the internal disputes in which their strength was consumed, they frequently listened to the



mediation of the women,—for barbarous as they were, says Techo, they easily granted any thing at the request of those who bore and suckled them. The Sun was the chief object of their worship: they also worshipped Thunder and Lightning, and erected to their honour huts as temples, upon which wands were placed adorned with feathers and sprinkled with vicuna blood. The earthly objects to which a religious reverence was shown were certain trees, which were trimmed with feathers; and the stones which were heaped over the graves of their ancestors. Old feuds were often revived in their cups, and in the frays which ensued it was a whimsical point of honour never to shrink from a blow, nor to ward it off. The bow was the weapon which they then used for striking,—a clumsy substitute for a club, and therefore perhaps prescribed for such occasions as less dangerous. At their banquets, the Priest consecrated to the Sun the skull of a hind, stuck with arrows, and prayed for a good harvest: the person to whom he delivered it was to be master of the next revels. All the friends and kinsmen of a sick man repaired to his hut, and continued there drinking as long as his disease lasted. They planted arrows in the ground round the place where he lay, that Death might be deterred from approaching: they buried with him his dogs, his horses, and his weapons, and abundance of garments which were presented as funeral offerings; and they burnt the house in which he died, as being a place to which Death knew the way, and might be likely to return. They interred him with his eyes open, that he might see his way to the other world. The mourning was continued a whole year, during which the mourners painted themselves black. It was their notion, that death was not in the course of nature, but was always the effect of some malignant interference:—they were not the only people by whom this extraordinary notion was entertained; and it necessarily produced heart-burnings, enmity, and hatred. Souls, they thought, were converted into stars, which were bright in proportion to the rank of the deceased, and to the brave

actions which they had performed. These people behaved with the utmost intrepidity against the Spaniards, whom they detested with their whole hearts: the women, who in other wars were so often the ministers of peace, would, if they saw their husbands give way before these execrated enemies, drive them back to the battle with fire-brands; and rather than be made prisoners, they would rush upon the swords of their oppressors, or throw themselves from the precipices.

“Their bows were of the same wood, straight as a staff when unstrung, and tall as the archer himself; the strings were made of fox-gut, or of the fibres of a certain palm; the arrows were headed with wood, or bone, or iron; the iron were the least dangerous, the bone the most so, because they always broke in the wound: before they went to battle they selected the best \* arrows for especial service. Sometimes the head of a warrior was ornamented with the wing of a large bird; all, indeed, except those of the most acknowledged courage, strove to make themselves terrible in appearance;—for this purpose one warrior wore upon his head the skin of a stag with the horns, and another put the beak of a toucan over his nose. They used all kinds of noisy instruments in war; the most sonorous was a trumpet made of an armadillo's tail fastened to the end of a reed. In battle they were incessantly in motion; for it was absurd, they said, to stand still, like the Spaniards, and be shot at. The best security against them therefore was to present a musquet, but never to discharge it; as long as they supposed it to be loaded, the bearer was perfectly safe from any attack at close quarters, for they were not so ambitious of victory as they were solicitous to escape death.”

The author relates, that the women among the Mbayas and Guaycurus would never rear more than one child. They used violent means, ever

\* *Dobrizhoffer observes that a similar practice is alluded to by the prophet Isaiah. xlix. 2. posuit me sicut sagittam electam: in pharetrâ suâ abscondit me; this appears a more probable interpretation than that of our version.*

after the first, to procure abortion ; and the account adds :—

“ It necessarily happens, that some lose their lives in consequence of the crime ; and others, who escape death, contract diseases which render life burthensome. Still it is the fashion ; and they adhere to it obstinately. The Spaniards have offered to purchase the children whom they do not choose to rear, if they will only suffer them to be born ; and they have often endeavoured to induce a pregnant woman, by large gifts, to spare her unborn child : but it is averred that they have never succeeded in any one instance. This practice, in its consequence, has entirely destroyed that part of the Guaycurus, who were for so many years the most formidable enemies of the Spaniards of Asumpcion. When Azara left Paraguay in the year 1801, there remained only one individual of this stock,—a person remarkable in other respects as well as for being the last survivor of his nation : he was six feet seven inches in stature, beautifully proportioned in all his limbs, and altogether, it is said, one of the finest specimens of the human animal that had ever been seen. Being thus left alone, he had joined the Tobas, and adopted their dress and fashion of painting. But that branch of the Guaycurus with whom the Portuguese of Cuyaba were engaged in war, still exists.

“ It is also said, that among the Guaycurus, baptism, by reason of their many vices, was seldom performed till they were in the last extremity. Perhaps the haughtiness of the tribe was a stronger obstacle than any superstitious persuasion. They believed that the soul of a Guaycuru, armed with his bow and arrows, made the Land of the Departed tremble, and that the souls of all other people fled at his approach. The Abipones, who despised all other tribes respected these, and acknowledged their own inferiority ; but they attributed it to the greater skill of the Guaycuru conjurors. Their tradition of their own origin is, that in the beginning God created all other nations as numerous as they are at present, and divided the earth

among them. Afterwards he created two Mbayas, male and female ; and he commissioned the Caracara (*Falco Brasiliensis*) to them, he was very sorry that there was no part of the world left for their portion, and therefore he had only made two of them ; but they were to wander about the inheritance of others, make eternal war upon all other people, kill the adult males, and increase their own numbers by adopting the women and children. Never, says Azara, were divine precepts more faithfully observed ! The Guanas were the only tribe whom they exempted from their universal hostility, and the Guanas purchased this exemption by performing personal services to them as their masters, and protectors. The poorest Mbaya had three or four slaves taken in war, who did for him every kind of work except hunting and fishing, for these were lordly pastimes. But this slavery was so easy, and the Mbayas, ferocious as they were in war, were so kind to those whom they had thus adopted, that none of the captives wished to leave their state of servitude ; not even Spanish women, it is said, who were adults at the time of their capture, and had even left children in their husband's house.”

Speaking of another Tribe, it is said :—

“ The most singular custom of the Lenguas, related to sickness and death. When any one appeared to be near his end, they dragged him by the legs out of his hut, lest he should die there, and haled him some fifty paces off ; made a hole there for the sake of decent cleanliness, laid him on his back, kindled a fire on one side, placed a pot of water on the other, and left him to expire. Nothing more was given him : frequently they came to look at him from a distance,—not to administer assistance, not to perform any office of human charity, not to express any sense of human sympathy,—but to see whether he had breathed his last. As soon as that was ascertained, some hired persons, or more usually some old women, wrapt up the body with all that had belonged to it, dragged it as far as they were able for weariness, then scratched a shallow



grave, and heaped the mould over it in haste. The relations mourned for three days, but the name of the deceased was never again pronounced; and because they believed that Death, when he was among them, had learnt the names of all whom he left alive, that he might look for them another time, every one in the tribe took a new name, hoping that when Death returned and did not recognize these appellations, he would proceed farther upon a vain search. These people, who were once among the most

formidable nations of the interior, and a sore scourge to the Spaniards, have perished by their own accursed customs. Like the Mbayas, they fell into the practice of rearing only one child in a family; and in the year 1794, fourteen males and eight females were all that remained of the race. Two of these were settled with a Spaniard; the others had joined company with other savages, so that the Lenguas have disappeared from the earth."

## JOURNAL OF A COMMON SOLDIER

OF THE 71ST OR GLASGOW REGIMENT, FROM 1806 TO 1815. *Edinburgh.*

From the Literary Gazette.

**T**HIS is an uncommonly interesting little book, though, perhaps, not so entirely so as it might have been made. The author has dressed up facts in the best way his learning and skill in composition enabled him; but, not equal to De Foe in this difficult task, he has not been equally felicitous in the preservation of verisimilitude and keeping. Our Soldier is often too sentimental; too much of the modern French philosophe; his companions in arms cry as much and as frequently as green girls reading the Sorrows of Werter at a boarding-school; and embrace each other like heroines in a melodrama.

We shall not trouble our readers with the hero's biography, further than to state, that he is described as the well-educated son of parents in humble life at Edinburgh, who, after an abortive attempt to appear on the stage, enlists in the 71st regiment. From the depôt in the Isle of Wight, he is sent with the force against Buenos Ayres. The following seems a good general account of the people:—

"The native women were the most uncomely I ever beheld. They have broad noses, thick lips, and are of very small stature. Their hair, which is long, black, and hard to the feel, they wear frizzled up in front, in the most hideous manner; while it hangs down their backs, below their waist. When they dress, they stick in it feathers and flowers, and walk about in the pride of

ugliness. The men are short of stature, stout made, and have large joints. They are brave but indolent to excess. I have seen them galloping about on horseback, almost naked, with silver spurs on their bare heels, perhaps an old rug upon their shoulders. They fear not pain. I have seen them with hurts ghastly to look at, yet they never seemed to mind them. As for their idleness, I have seen them lie stretched, for a whole day, gazing upon the river, and their wives bring them their victuals; and, if they were not pleased with the quantity, they would beat them furiously. This is the only exertion they ever make readily—venting their fury upon their wives. They prefer flesh to any other food, and they eat it almost raw, and in quantities which a European would think impossible.

"I had little opportunity of seeing the better sort of Spanish settlers, as they had all left the place before we took it; and, during the siege, those I had any opportunity of knowing, were of the poorer sort, who used to visit Maria de Parides and her father, Don Santanos. They are ignorant in the extreme, and very superstitious. Maria told me, with the utmost concern, that the cause of her husband's death was being bewitched by an old Indian, to whom he had refused some partridges, as he returned from hunting, a few days before the battle.

"As I became acquainted with the

language, I observed many singular traits of character. When Maria, or old Santanos yawned, they crossed their mouth with the utmost haste, to prevent the Devil going down their throats. If Santanos sneezed, Maria called, "Jesus!" his answer was, "Muchas gracias," "Many thanks."—When they knock at any door, they say, "Ave Maria purissima;" they open at once, as they think no one, with an evil intent, will use this holy phrase. When they meet a woman, they say, "A sus pies senora," or, "Beso los pies de Usted," "I lay myself at your feet," or "I kiss your feet." As they part, he says, "Me tengo a sus pies de Usted," or "Baxo de sus pies," "I am at your feet," or, "Keep me at your feet!" she replies, "Beso a Usted la mano, Cavallero," "I kiss your hand, Sir." When they leave any one, they say, "Vaya Usted con Dios," or, "Con la Virgen," "May God (or, the Holy Virgin) attend you." When they are angry, it is a common phrase with them, "Vaya Usted con cien mil Demonios," "Begone with a hundred thousand devils."

"Maria was concerned that I should be a heretic, and wished much I would change my religion, and become a Catholic, as the only means of my salvation." He, however, continued protestant, tho' the priest acted most generously towards him in the hour of defeat and misfortune. There are a few anecdotes of the assault on the city, which, if true, are worthy of preserving, if fabulous, deserving of perusal:—

"During the time we were charging through the streets, many of our men made sallies into the houses, in search of plunder; and many were encumbered with it, at the time of our surrender. One sergeant of the 38th had made a longish hole in his wooden canteen, like that over the money drawer in the counter of a retail shop; into it he slipped all the money he could lay his hands upon. As he came out of a house he had been ransacking, he was shot through the head. In his fall the canteen burst, and a great many doubloons ran, in all directions, on the street.

Then commenced a scramble for the money, and about eighteen men were shot, grasping at the gold they were never to enjoy. They even snatched it from their dying companions, although they themselves were to be in the same situation the next moment.

"We were all searched, and every article that was Spanish taken from us; but we were allowed to keep the rest. During the search, one soldier, who had a good many doubloons, put them into his camp-kettle, with flesh and water above them; placed all upon a fire, and kept them safe.

"There were about one hundred of us, who had been taken in the church, marched out of prison to be shot, unless we produced a gold crucifix of great value, that was missing. We stood in a large circle of Spaniards and Indians. Their levelled pieces and savage looks gave us little to hope, unless the crucifix was produced. It was found on the ground, on the spot where we stood; but it was not known who had taken it. The troops retired, and we were allowed to go back to prison, without further molestation."

We must now transport our readers at one sweep to old Spain, and, passing over Sir J. Moore's campaign, to the year 1810, when Colonel Cadogan led the brave Glasgow highlanders to glory, under the immortal Wellington. The gallant Colonel's address to his men, on leading them into their first charge, though not truly grammatical, is truly British, "My Lads, this is the first affair I have ever been in with you; show me what you can do, now or never." There was hard fighting for several days, and our author draws a sad picture of a soldier's life:—

"For five nights I had never been in bed, and during a good part of that time, it had rained hard. We were upon ploughed land, which was rendered so soft, that we sunk over the shoes at every step. The manner in which I passed the night, was thus: I placed my canteen upon the ground, put my knapsack above, and sat upon it, supporting my head upon my hands; my musket, between my knees, resting upon my



shoulder, and my blanket over all,—ready to start, in a moment, at the least alarm. The nights were chill : indeed, in the morning, I was so stiff, I could not stand or move with ease for some time ; my legs were benumbed to the knees. I was completely wet, three nights out of the five. A great number of the men took the fever and ague, after we retired behind the lines. I was not a whit the worse.”

They fell back.

“ This retreat brought to my mind the Corunna race. We could not advance 100 yards, without seeing dead soldiers of the enemy, stretched upon the road, or at a little distance from it, who had lain down to die, unable to proceed thro’ hunger and fatigue. We could not pity them, miserable as they were. Their retreat resembled more that of famished wolves than men. Murder and devastation marked their way ; every house was a sepulchre, a cabin of horrors ! Our soldiers used to wonder why the Frenchmen were not swept by heaven from the earth, when they witnessed their cruelties. In a small town called Safrea, I saw twelve dead bodies lying in one house upon the floor ! Every house contained traces of their wanton barbarity. Often has a shade of doubt crossed my mind, when reading the accounts of former atrocities ; often would I think—they are exaggerated—thank God we live in more civilized times. How dreadfully were my doubts removed. I cease to describe, lest I raise doubts similar to my own.”

“ At this time, I got a distaste, I could never overcome. A few of us went into a wine-store, where there was a large tun, with a ladder to get to the top, in which was a hole about two feet square. There was not much wine in it, so we buckled our canteen straps together, until a camp-kettle attached to them reached the liquor. We drew it up once—we all drank : down it went again—it got entangled with something at the bottom of the tun—a candle was lowered ;—to our great disappointment, the corpse of a French soldier lay upon the bottom ! Sickness

came upon me ; and, for a long time afterwards, I shuddered at the sight of red wine. The Portuguese soldiers never would drink red wine, if white could be got. When I asked the reason, their reply was, they knew how it was made.”

We have mentioned the sentimentality which occasionally detects the authorship, and injures this narrative. —After the battle of Fuentes de Honore, we are treated with the annexed morceau of sensibility which was *effused* at Toro de Moro :—

“ Here I enjoyed the beauties of the country more than at any former period. Often, when off duty, have I wandered into the woods to enjoy the cool refreshing shade of the cork trees, and breathe the richly perfumed air, loaded with the fragrance of innumerable aromatic plants. One evening, as I lay in the wood, thinking upon home, sweeter than all the surrounding sweets, almost overcome by my sensations, I heard, at a small distance, music. I listened some time ere I could be satisfied it was so. It ceased all at once ; then began sweeter than before. I arose, and approached nearer, to avoid the noise of a small burn that ran rippling near where I had been reclining. I soon knew the air ; I crept nearer, and could distinguish the words ; I became rivetted to the spot : That moment compensated for all I had suffered in Spain. I felt that pleasure which softens the heart, and overflows at the eyes. The words that first struck my ear, were,

“ Why did I leave my Jeanie, my daddy’s cot, an’a,  
To wander from my country, sweet Caledonia ?”

—Soon as the voice ceased, I looked through the underwood, and saw four or five soldiers seated on the turf, who sung, in their turn, Scotland’s sweetest songs of remembrance. When they retired, I felt as if I was bereft of all enjoyment. I slowly retired to the camp, to reflect, and spend a sleepless night. Every opportunity, I returned to the scene of my happiness ; and had the pleasure, more than once, to enjoy this company unseen.”

This is distinctly out of the assumed character of a soldier ; and the following, at Boho, is little better :—

“ One afternoon, I had walked into the church-yard ; and, after having wandered through it, I lay down in the shade of the wall, near a grave that appeared to have been lately made. While lying thus, I heard a sob : I looked towards the place whence it came, and perceived a beautiful female kneeling beside a grave, devoutly counting her rosary, her tears falling fast upon the ground. I lay, afraid to move, lest the noise might disturb her. She remained for some time, absorbed in devotion ; then arose from her knees, and, taking a small jar of holy water, sprinkled the grave, and retired undisturbed by me. I mentioned the circumstance to no one ; but, day after day, I was an unperceived witness of this scene. At length, she saw me as she approached, and was retiring in haste. I came near her. She stood, to let me pass. I said, “ My presence shall give you no uneasiness ; Adieu ! ” “ Stay,” she said, “ are you Don Galves’ good soldier ? ” I replied, “ I live with him.” “ Stay, you can feel for me : I have none to feel for, nor advise me. Blessed Virgin, be my friend ! ” She looked to heaven, her eyes beaming resignation and hope, the tears dropping on her bosom. I stretched out my hand to her ; my eyes, I believe, were wet ; I did not speak. “ None,” she said, mournfully, “ can again have my hand : I gave it to Francisco.” “ ’Tis the hand of friendship.” “ I can have no friend but death.—You do not pray for the dead ; you cannot pray with me.” I said, “ I will listen to your’s.” She then began her usual prayers ; then rose, and sprinkled the grave with holy water. I inquired, “ Whose grave do you water ? ” “ My mother’s.” “ How long has she been dead ? ” “ Five years.” “ Five years ! have you done thus so long ? ” “ Alas, no ! my mother had been released ;\* but, five weeks ago, my mournful task again began : ’tis for Francisco. Adieu,” she sobbed, and retired with a hurried

step. I dare not embellish, lest this incident should not be credited ; but I feel this is a cold account of what passed. I have not taken away, neither have I added a word that did not pass between us. From Galves, I learned that Francisco had fallen in a Guerilla party. It is the belief in Spain, that every drop of holy water sprinkled upon the grave, quenches a flame in purgatory.”

The subjoined, which must be our last extract, will afford a better and more general idea of the mode in which the Journal is executed. It is a notice of the victory of Vittoria, and is at once picturesque, spirited, and circumstantially probable :—

“ Next morning we got up as usual. The first pipes played for parade ; the second did not play at the usual time. We began to suspect all was not right. We remained thus until eleven o’clock ; then received orders to fall in, and follow the line of march. During our march we fell to one side, to allow a brigade of guns to pass us at full speed. “ Now,” said my comrades, “ we will have work to do before night.” We crossed a river ; and, as we passed through a village, we saw, on the other side of the road, the French camp, and their fires still burning just as they had left them. Not a shot had been fired at this time. We observed a large Spanish column moving along the heights, on our right. We halted, and drew up in column. Orders were given to brush out our locks, oil them, and examine our flints. We being in the rear, these were soon followed by orders to open out from the centre, to allow the 71st to advance. Forward we moved up the hill. The firing was now very heavy. Our rear had not engaged, before word came for the Doctor to assist Colonel Cadogan, who was wounded. Immediately we charged up the hill, the piper playing, “ Hey Johnny Cope.” The French had possession of the top, but we soon forced them back, and drew up in column on the height ; sending out 4 companies to our left to skirmish. The remainder moved on to the opposite height. As we ad-

\* From Purgatory.



vanced, driving them before us, a French officer, a pretty fellow, was pricking and forcing his men to stand. They heeded him not—he was very harsh:—“Down with him!” cried one near me; and down he fell, pierced by more than one ball.”

“Scarce were we upon the height, when a heavy column, dressed in great-coats, with white covers on their hats, exactly resembling the Spanish, gave us a volley, which put us to the right-about at double quick time down the hill, the French close behind, through the whins. The four companies got the word, the French were on them. They likewise thought them Spaniards, until they got a volley that killed or wounded almost every one of them. We retired to the height, covered by the 50th, who gave the pursuing column a volley, which checked their speed. We moved up the remains of our shattered regiment to the height. Being in great want of ammunition, we were

again served with sixty rounds a man, and kept up our fire for some time, until the bugle sounded to cease firing.”

“We lay on the height for some time. Our drought was excessive; there was no water upon the height, save one small spring, which was rendered useless. One of our men, in the heat of the action, called out he would have a drink, let the world go as it would. He stooped to drink; a ball pierced his head; he fell with it in the well, which was discoloured by brains and blood. Thirsty as we were, we could not taste it.”

“At this time, the Major had the command, our second Colonel being wounded. There were not 300 of us on the height able to do duty, out of above 1000 who drew rations in the morning. The cries of the wounded were most heart-rending.”

We need scarcely repeat our commendations of this clever volume.

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## THE CABINET.

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From the London Magazines, November and December, 1819.

### PRESENT STATE OF JERUSALEM.

**I**N order to arrive at Jerusalem, it is requisite to cross some well cultivated plains, about three miles long, and which are those belonging to ancient Arimathea and Lydia. These lead the traveller into deep vallies, where vegetation is weak and scarce, and which soon seems entirely to cease; towards Jerusalem the soil becomes unequal, reddish, and rugged: the eye discovers at a distance only immense buildings overthrown, the beds of torrents dried up, and winding intricate paths covered with pointed stones. The streets of Jerusalem are all crooked and ill paved; the houses are generally of freestone, and only receive light and air through a little door and one or two windows with wooden lattices. In a few shabby looking shops are sold olives, fruits brought from Damascus, rice, corn, and a few dried up vegetables. A group of Arabs, half-starved, are generally

seen devouring, with longing looks, these rich articles, and the Turkish merchant sits smoking his pipe with the utmost indifference, without seeming at all occupied with his own interest. Jerusalem is thought to contain twenty-five thousand inhabitants, Arabs, Turks, Jews, and Armenians: there are in it no more than two hundred Christian families. The interior of the town is large enough to contain at least double the number of inhabitants: therefore a great many of the streets leading to the mountains, are unpaved, and totally destitute of inhabitants; vast dwelling-houses, churches, and cloisters, are entirely desolate.

The habitation of one of the dragomans of the holy sepulchre is very plain and modest; the oldest of Albon-Souan's sisters is eighteen. A female is allowed to marry at twelve. All the young women of Albon-Souan's family were beautiful and agreeable. The

youngest, Angela, was thirteen ; her eyes were very fine, her teeth like pearls, and her physiognomy a compound of archness and timidity, and this was generally half veiled. The Christian women at Jerusalem are always enveloped under a black mantle ; the elder sort are so scrupulous on this head that it is wonderful how they can walk unhurt in such narrow ill paved streets. It is a great favour to be allowed to visit a Christian family, and to see their women unveiled ; to be regaled by them with coffee, rose-water, and a pipe which they fill with aloes for their guests, to whom they present it with infinite grace.

The houses in Bethlehem are low and square built, like those of Jerusalem : they have each a terrace or a little dome ; almost all the staircases are on the outside of the house. The young maidens of Bethlehem are generally graceful, and have regular features ; they are veiled, but the face is not concealed ; their fine turned arms are bare. The women of Jericho wear a blue kind of shift, girt with a belt round the waist ; their head is covered with a veil ; their legs and feet are bare, as well as their arms, which are ornamented with bracelets of silver, pewter, or glass beads. They are in general tall and slender, but their forms seem as if degenerated, and amongst the most young it appears as if beauty was perpetually struggling with misery.—*La Belle Assem.*

#### THOMAS MOORE.

A large share of public patronage and of public admiration has been bestowed on MOORE.—A genius of no ordinary standard in the world of Poetry,—he may be said to have merited those eulogiums which the contemplation of superior intellect, or a well-stored mind is wont to demand as a well-earned tribute. That the imagination of this distinguished Poet partakes highly of Nature's gifts, must be acknowledged, not only by the ardent breast who eagerly and indiscriminately imbibes her thousand sweets wherever they lie scattered, and swallows indigestively the deleterious flower with the wholesome herb,—but also by the judicious and well-

regulated mind which is yet alive to the finer impressions. His Lyric aspirations exhibit a fancy teeming with ideas, in all their finely-conceived forms, struck out in all their beauty and harmony of diction. If his performances of a later date, although combining the varied imagery and splendid pageants of Eastern story, with a native fecundity of description, exemplify somewhat of monotony in its lengthened progress,—if the interest we feel in “*Lalla Rookh*” languishes through the glitter of balmy flowers and oriental sweets from “*Araby the Blest*,” which are so thickly sprinkled through his page,—if his verse loses all pretensions to dignity and force through the light airy stanza in which he has embodied the imaginations of his genius—still this does not destroy the convictions which must strike every reader, that poetical fire, and a mind susceptible of agreeable associations of imagery eminently characterize him.

#### ‘ BENEFIT OF CLERGY.’

Paper was not made earlier than the fourteenth century—and printing in the century following. The art of reading made a very slow progress. To encourage it in England, the capital punishment of death was remitted if the criminal could read, which is termed ‘Benefit of Clergy.’ Yet so small an edition of the Bible as 600 copies translated into English in the time of Henry VIII. was not wholly sold off in three years.

#### NUGÆ ANTIQUÆ.

Before A.D. 1545, ships of war in England had no port-holes for guns ; they had only a few cannon placed on the deck.

There is no mention of writing in the time of Homer. Cyphers, invented in Hindostan, were brought into France from Arabia about the end of the tenth century.

#### DIVORCES.

No case of divorce ever occurred at Rome before the year five hundred and twenty from the foundation of the city. The first instance was that of Spurius Carvilius, who dismissed his wife, because she bore him no children : which motive, however reasonable in his own



opinion, did not screen him from the censure of his fellow citizens, who did not consider his partner's infecundity, or his own desire of having children, as a sufficient cause to justify a rupture of the matrimonial tie.

It is well known that the ancient Romans lay reclined on couches or sofas at their meals. But, during the early ages of the city, while the men took their repast in that recumbent posture, the women, from considerations of decency, sat upright—[which custom, however, was not observed by the ladies in succeeding ages.]

At Rome, in summoning a matron to appear in a court of justice, it was not lawful to touch her person; the touch, in such case, being esteemed a breach of decorum, and a violation of the respect due to her character.

In the early ages of Rome, the women were debarred from the use of wine.

Among the Romans, it was considered as highly indecent for a father to bathe in company with his son, after he had attained to the age of puberty—or for a father-in-law to bathe with his son-in-law.

#### CRANIA.

*Comparison of the skull of an ancient Greek and of a Botecudo cannibal.*—It is well known, that the celebrated Professor of Natural History at Göttingen, Blumenbach, has employed many years in investigating and describing the skulls of the different races of the human species, and also of the various characteristic tribes of these races. It has always been a principal object with that distinguished naturalist, to obtain skulls of the different nations of antiquity, and he has succeeded in collecting those of Egyptians, Romans, and Germans. Very lately he has been able to add to his very extensive and valuable collection of crania one of an ancient Greek, presented to him by the Prince Royal of Bavaria. It was taken from a grave in Grecia Magna. It is particularly distinguished by the gentle and elegant curve of the brow, and the perpendicular position of the upper jaw. It may be considered as the prototype of the *antique Grecian profile*, and

serves to show that the profiles in Grecian works of art, were not, as De Pau and others say, merely “*un style de dessein, adopté dans quelques écoles.*” Prince Maximilian of Neuweid, one of the most distinguished amongst the royal cultivators of natural history on the continent, and who with a rare zeal and intrepidity exposed himself to all the dangers and difficulties of a journey through the wilds of Brazil, has brought to Europe a collection of the crania of the different savage tribes he met with. Very lately he presented to Blumenbach the skull of one of the Botecudos, a tribe of cannibals who inhabit remote districts in the vast country of Brazil. We can scarcely find words to express the very striking contrast of the features of this cannibal cranium, when compared with that of the noble Hellenian already mentioned. The one is the most perfect and beautiful in form ever met with, while the other in its general aspect more nearly resembles the orang outang, than even the most characteristic skull of the negro race.—*Edin. Phi. Mag.*

#### WALTER SCOTT.

The pregnant scenes of imagery and of adventure which mark the page of Scott, certainly suffers considerable disadvantage from the measure of his verse, and the quick gingle of returning sounds which marks the octo-syllabic line; for, however natural to the author himself, it sorts not with the heroic character of his subjects. Dryden has remarked of Butler, “the choice of numbers is suitable enough to his design, as he has managed it, but in any other hand, the shortness of his verse, and the quick returns of rhyme, had debased the dignity of his style.” The same celebrated writer, in his Discourse on Satire, has pointed out the decided advantages which the English verse of ten syllables possesses over that of eight. “This kind of verse,” he continues, “is more roomy,—the thought can turn itself with greater ease in a larger compass. When the rhyme comes too thick upon us, it straitens the expression; we are thinking of the close when we should be adorning the thought. It makes a poet giddy with turning in a space too nar-

row for his imagination ; he loses many beauties without gaining one advantage. On these occasions it is, as in a tennis-court, the strokes of greater force are given when we strike out and play at length."

The loose and negligent arrangement of Scott's numbers, and the frequent absence of all agreeable collocation and harmony of modulation, offends the classic ear, and sometimes becomes almost intolerable to the student who has been in habits of intimacy either with the full resounding line of Pope, or the energy and pomp of Milton, and the bold, expanding, and elevated measure of Akenside. Although, therefore, imagination, which is confessedly the storehouse of the poet, may rank high in the author of "*The Lady of the Lake*," other qualities in which he is signally deficient, likewise demand the attention of a writer who would please under every circumstance,—his neglect or his failure in these must be thought to have placed his fame on a very equivocal basis.—*Gent. Mag.*

#### RESPIRATION IN FROGS.

It appears from a series of curious experiments performed by M. Edwards, that frogs, toads, and lizards, are preserved alive and in health under water for weeks, by means of the air contained in the water, which they abstract, not by the lungs but by the skin.

#### CANINE SAGACITY.

Oct. 24, 1819, the wind blowing strong occasioned a heavy swell on *Yarmouth Beach*, by which a boat moored to the jetty, with one man on board, was upset ; at this instant a dog (belonging to Mr. W. H. Smith) leaped into the sea, and, after a considerable struggle, succeeded in drawing the man from under the boat, and supported him till a fortuitous wave actually threw him on its bottom, whence he was taken by a rope from the jetty.—The dog then swam after the oars and the man's hat, which he severally brought to the shore. This is the third time of this dog performing the same act ; having before rescued a child, six years old, from the river.

#### CHINESE ALPHABET.

The Chinese have 11,000 letters in

use, and in matters of science they employ 60,000, but their articulate sounds do not exceed thirty.

#### ON THE SIN OF DANCING.

From Blackwood's (Ed.) Magazine...Oct. 1819.

#### EXTRACTS FROM THE 'PRATO FIORITO.'

Mr. Editor,

The godly book above mentioned lately furnished me some important lessons, or familiar examples, relative to the sin of *usury*, which induces me to refer again to the same valuable repertory of monastic lore with a like view of benefiting such of my Protestant country-men, or women, as may not be too zealous in the cause of our reformed religion to think of availing themselves of the wisdom of the scarlet lady ; and the first subject which I happen to hit upon is one which appears to me, of all others, to afford an useful field for reflection at the termination of a London season. It is the following,

"How damnable and detectable a thing,  
And how odious to God, is vain and dissolute  
dancing." *Lib. 1. Cap. X.*

"Truly," observes our pious and eloquent author, "one of the most singular follies committed by man and woman among the vanities of this world, is light and dishonest dancing ; which (as a learned doctor writes) it may be well said, is the head and fountain of all sins and wickednesses—or, *at least*, of the greater part." "It is impossible ever sufficiently to express how many and great are the evils which spring from dancing ; seeing that by it all human feelings are vitiated ; the heart itself grows corrupt and hardened ; and, finally, the poor and miserable soul utterly perisheth."

He proceeds to trace the origin and invention of this "dissolute and lascivious exercise" to the devils in Hell, what time the Israelites, after feasting and gorging themselves with wine, fell to *dancing* round the molten calf in the desert ; and he then enumerates the several unbecoming actions, by which (as he strongly expresses it,) "young men and maidens, while dancing, do (as it were) crucify again their Redeemer."



And first, he observes, "they find a sort of sensual gratification in, and moreover obtain the applause of the spectators by the act of, *leaping* as high as they are able—not reflecting that in exact proportion to the altitude of every leap will be the depth to which they are doomed to sink in Hell." 2dly, "It oftentimes happens that dancers spread out and extend their arms in order to give greater energy to their performance, by which stretching out of the arms in this profane amusement they display a manifest disregard of the holy crucifix, the figure whereof they so irreverently imitate." The lifting of the head and voice are in like manner construed into acts of undesignated, but nevertheless most impious, parody; and he finishes his exordium by a warning, peculiarly terrible to the class of male and female dandies, that the more curious and vain their attire at these indecorous exhibitions, the more conspicuous will be their deformity and nudity of appearance "at the day of judgment."

We shall select the third of these legends or examples, which follow these terrible denunciations. It shews "how certain persons, dancing on Christmas eve, were unable to cease dancing for a whole year afterwards."

It is written in the "*Speculum Historiale*," how in a certain town in Saxony, where was a church dedicated to St. Magnus the martyr, in the tenth year of the Emperor Honorius, just when the first mass was begun upon Christmas Eve, some vain young people, at the instigation of the devil, were set a dancing and singing in a dissolute manner hard by the church, in such manner that they hindered and disturbed the divine service. Whereupon the priest, moved with a holy and just indignation, commanded them to be still, and to give over their accursed vanity. But the aforesaid miserable sinners, for all that was said to them, and commanded them, would never cease from that execrable profaneness and devilish mischief. Upon which the priest, inflamed with zeal, cried out with a loud voice—"May it please God and St. Magnus that ye all continue to sing and dance after this

fashion for an entire year to come from henceforward." Wonderful to relate! So did these words of that holy man prevail, that, by divine permission, these wretched persons (being fifteen in number, and three of them females,) did in fact, so continue dancing and skipping about for a whole year together; nor did any rain fall upon them during all that time, nor did they feel cold, nor heat, nor hunger, nor thirst; nor did they ever tire; nor did their garments wax old, nor their shoes wear out. But as if they were beside themselves, like to people possessed with phrenzy, or idiots, they kept singing and dancing continually, night and day. At the end of the year came the bishop, who gave them absolution, and reconciled them before the altar of St. Magnus. Which having been done, the three women suddenly expired, and the rest slept for three days and nights successively, and afterwards did such penance for their sin, that they were thought worthy to work miracles after death. And some of them that lived longest, manifested the punishment of their offence in dreadful tremblings of their limbs, which they suffered even unto the day of their death.

The sixth example relates how a virgin of noble family, and "of marvellous beauty, according to the flesh," became extremely anxious to go and join in the festivities and balls of this world; and, being restrained in her evil inclinations by her pious parents, waxed therefore very sad and sorrowful indeed. In which state being visited by a holy man, to whom she made confession of her vain wishes, he asked her, whether, if it were proposed to her, by the privation of a single day's pleasure, to secure the enjoyment of a whole year's dancing and junketing, without interruptions, she would not agree to the bargain? And, having answered that certainly she would do so with the greatest alacrity, the good man therefore read her a sermon, (which I may be excused for not inserting at length,) the object of which was to prove that, by her present denial of similar enjoyments on earth, she would secure to herself an

eternity of them in heaven; and thus the prophet Jeremiah, “Tu ornaberis tympanis tuis, et egredieris choro ludentium, &c.” 2. From the Psalms, “Prævenerant principes conjuncti Psallentibus in medio juvenulorum tympanistranum.” And 3. From the Hymn of the Virgins, “quacunque deges, Virgines sequuntur, atque laudibus post te canentes cursitant.”—And with these sacred promises the simple maiden was so much moved that she instantly became influenced with holy desires, and after dedicating her virginity to Christ, went, at the expiration of five years, to enjoy the literary accomplishment of her compact, in footing and jigging it to all eternity.

#### POULTRY.

To the Editor of the European Magazine.

Sir,

As the following account, together with the few observations I have made on the management and feeding of fowls, may prove acceptable, and afford some useful hints to many among the numerous readers of your entertaining and widely-circulated miscellany, you will oblige me by giving them a place in your work.

I procured two pullets of the black Spanish kind, which were hatched in June, 1818, and fed them constantly myself twice a day, alternating their food, that is, I gave them corn in the morning, and in the afternoon boiled potatoes mixed with *fresh* bran, but I never allowed them to take a *full meal* of corn. They had a small orchard to range in, where, in the course of the day, they occasionally picked up worms and other insects; and, I have observed that poultry of all kinds eagerly seek for animal food even after they have satiated themselves with corn: indeed, I conceive a portion of animal food essentially requisite to preserve them in a healthy state.

The above mentioned pullets began to lay about the middle of November, and continued to do so till within the last ten days, when they began to moult their feathers, having produced *three hundred and sixty-seven eggs much larger and finer than those of the com-*

*mon fowl.\** Seven eggs weigh 1 pound avoirdupois, so that I have been furnished with the astonishing weight of more than 53 pounds of nutritious and wholesome food from *two hens*. They were never *broody*, nor shewed a disposition to sit at any time during the whole season, and I understand this property is peculiar to this species of fowl: it is, however, an advantage than otherwise, as the common kinds can incubate their eggs, and foster their young. G.C. JENNER.  
October 14th, 1819.

#### ‘HEP! HEP!’

The *Hep! Hep!* which was the watch-word of the rioters in the late attacks on the Jews in Wurtzburg and Frankfort, according to old chronicles, had the following origin:—In the year 1097, a party of crusaders, headed by Peter Gansfleisch and Conrad Von Leiningen, went about recruiting for followers with colours, on which were inscribed the first letters of the words *Hierosolyma Est Perdita* (“Jerusalem is lost,”) H.E.P. This swarm, however, never proceeded to the Holy Land, but remained in Germany, where they every where persecuted and murdered the Jews, and more particularly along the Rhine. Wherever this band came with their colours, the people exclaimed, *Hep! Hep!* and fell upon the Jews.

#### ‘MORE CRY THAN WOOL.’

Sir R. Walpole said, when he had to deal with the landed interest, all went on smoothly, they came quietly to be shorn; but if he only touched the trader, it was like shearing a hog, *more cry than wool*.

#### METHOD OF RENDERING GLASS LESS BRITTLE.

Let the glass vessel be put into a vessel of cold water, and let this water be heated boiling hot, and then allowed to cool slowly of itself, without taking out the glass. Glasses treated in

\* I should here observe, that I had my hen roost robbed several times in the course of the summer, and lost probably from twenty to 30 eggs; but as I could not ascertain precisely the number, I have not reckoned them, consequently, my statement is within the number actually laid.



this way may, while cold, be suddenly filled with boiling hot water without any risk of their cracking. The gentleman who communicates the method, says, that he has often cooled such glasses to the temperature of 10°, and poured boiling water into them without experiencing any inconvenience from the suddenness of the change. If the glasses are to be exposed to a higher temperature than that of boiling water, boil them in oil.

#### THE SKULL OF KING ROBERT THE BRUCE.

A few days ago, in the church of Dunfermline, the grave of the celebrated warrior King Robert the Bruce was opened, in presence of a numerous assemblage of men of rank and science. The skull, and various parts of the skeleton, were in a state of preservation: Now that the opinions of Gall and Spurzheim are not passed over as mere pieces of quackery, the curiosity of anatomists, and even of the public in general, was excited by this invaluable opportunity of inspecting and examining such a skull as that of Robert the Bruce. We are told, that several of the propensities of this great man, were strongly expressed in the eminences of the skull; in particular, that the organ of *combateness* was the most prominent.

#### ADMIRAL CROWN.

This Admiral, by birth a Scotchman, is in the service of Russia, and had the command of the fleet which transported the Russian contingent in June 1818, from Calais to Petersburg. On his arrival with his squadron in Calais roads, he sent large orders for provisions, good porter in particular, to various contractors on the opposite coast, who had supplied him while laying in the Downs in the year 1814. The contractors, not forgetting the handsome manner in which, on that occasion, they had been paid, soon collected a flotilla of small craft to convey the provisions, and arrived off the fleet the day on which the orders were given. As the weather was squally, they could not venture alongside the respective ships, and conse-

quently took shelter in Calais harbour. In the morning they weighed anchor in order to depart, when they were immediately surrounded by a great number of custom-house boats, and notice was given them that not one of them would be allowed to leave the port without first paying the duties on the cargoes, the same as if they had been landed. This unexpected demand created amongst the victuallers the greatest consternation: they, however, contrived to despatch a six-oar cutter to the Admiral, to whom they communicated the intelligence, and requested his interference. Admiral Crown instantaneously despatched an officer on shore, with a letter to the Governor, demanding the immediate liberation of his victuallers, threatening, in the event of a refusal, to bombard the town, and gave the Governor a quarter of an hour to consider of it. The Governor requested an hour, in order to send a telegraphic despatch to Paris for instructions how to act on so novel an occasion. To this the Admiral would not agree, and instantly made preparations for bombarding the town. The Governor perceiving this, instantly ordered the victuallers to be released.

#### COCHOT'S PICTURE.

The French Journals speak highly of a picture, the production of Madlle. Cochot of Lyons, which is knit with strings of small coloured beads. It represents the celebrated interview which took place between the Emperor Alexander and Buonaparte on the Niemen. The grand difficulty, of course, was to produce, by means of knitting with beads, the effect of accurate drawing, brilliant colouring, and perfect resemblance of the figures to the originals. This three-fold object, it is said, has been attained by Mademoiselle Cochot, in the most perfect way imaginable. The picture may be called a *knitted mosaic*. It is a work of extraordinary patience and ingenuity.

#### AMBULANT HOT WATER.

*Reservoirs ambulants of Hot-Water for sale.* It must be acknowledged that this is the age of inventions; and that these inventions have at least the accommodation of the pub-

lie to boast of as their meritorious intention. A certain M. Valette conceives that he has reduced the consumption of fuel to the least possible quantity required to produce a certain effect. He kindles a fire in a stove, surrounded by a large mass of water; and by his dextrous management he raises this mass to 90° of heat in a few minutes, and at little expense. This machine being placed on wheels, the proprietor loses no time, but *his water heats as he goes*, and before he has got a street's length it is in a state of ebullition. He is willing to contract, on the lowest terms, with all persons wanting hot-water, whether for scrubbing houses, washing of linen, boiling, brewing, or personal cleanliness. As partial bathing is much practised at Paris, M. Valette carries with him a *baignoire*, made of varnished leather, supported by slight iron bars; so that, hereafter, it will be nothing less than criminal if any Parisian be found unclean; since the means of cleanliness are offered him without the trouble of lighting a fire, without the cost of a penny for coals, without the inconvenience of going out of the house, and without the risk of a smoky chimney. M. Valette extends his mechanism and his beneficence still further. He constructs *marmites*, porridge-pots, also ambulant; and indeed it is but just, that as human life shortens, every moment of it should be saved; and a man may, by means of this contrivance, stew, or cause to be stewed, boil, or cause to be boiled, his breakfast, his dinner, or his supper;---or he may obtain his tea or his coffee fresh from the boiler, even while walking the streets about his business---always supposing that he does not take a different direction from that of the machine ambulant. It may also, we suppose, be attached to stage coaches, and will save all the time now lost by stoppage at inns, together with all the volleys of oaths and imprecations but too often vented against coachman, guard, waiter, cook, and even the landlord. There is another application of this invention, in which, we are happy to think, M. Valette is too late---that of furnishing broth, or soup, and *bouillie*, to armies on a march, in the field of battle, or in "taking a new position." How far this machine may be useful in bad weather, at sea, if it will perform notwithstanding the rocking of a vessel, we cannot say; but the hint may possibly bear improvement. This at least is certain, that the Academy of Sciences and the Society for the encouragement of Useful Arts, have reported their conviction of the importance of M. Valette's discovery---have attended experiments, and have announced the invention as a new conquest achieved by the united efforts of ingenuity and industry.

#### LA PEROUSE.

The September number of the "Journal des Voyages," contains new probabilities on the death of La Perouse. "Shaik Djamâl, a Lascar in the service of the East India Company, after having lived three years in Murray Island, in the straits de Torre, where the ship *l'Etoile du Martin*, on board of which he served, was wrecked, was taken up by the ship *La Claudine*. He relates what follows:

"He frequently accompanied the inhabitants to the neighbouring islands; he saw there several muskets and a compass: in one

of these islands called Tood, he found a gold watch. The inhabitants of this island, called Mairy, possessed two sabres. The Lascar asked them what circumstance had thrown these things into their hands; they replied, that about thirty years ago or thereabouts (one old man, the oldest among them, alone remembered it), a large ship was wrecked in sight of that island, and a great number of white men having reached the shore in their boats, were massacred. A part escaped to the neighbouring islands, where they met with the same fate.

"A young child was spared; he lived several years among them; but he escaped during the night in a canoe, with two young girls, and was never afterwards heard of, notwithstanding the most diligent and extensive search. They seemed to me to have great friendship for him, for they cannot speak of him without shedding tears; they carefully preserve his clothes, often look at them, and sigh. These white men were dressed in blue clothes. May not this have been the ship of La Perouse? This is very probable, since this circumstance answers the epoch when he quitted Port Jackson; the sabres and the clothes throw a great light on his fate. The boats of his ship may easily have penetrated into the strait, and no other vessel that I know of, has been wrecked upon those coasts."

#### MUNGO PARK.

In one of our former numbers an article was inserted, (which had been originally published in the *Liverpool Mercury*) inquiring into the probability of the celebrated Mungo Park being still in existence. Some allusion was therein made to information stated to have been obtained from a conversation with Mr. Nathaniel Pearce, at Judda, in the Red Sea. Mr. Pearce, now at Cairo, perceiving that some inaccuracies had crept into the statement, as already published, has given an account of the conversation alluded to, which may be considered as authentic. The following is an extract from Mr. Pearce's letter on the subject:---"I am obliged to trouble you with a story, an account of which I read in the *Malta Gazette*. It appears that Captain Fairwell wrote to his friend in Liverpool, in which letter he said that he found me at Judda; that I told him Mungo Park was still alive, and that I was on my road to Tombuctoo to join him, &c. I will give you some small account of our discourse at table, on board his ship. We talked a great deal about Coffin, who had been with me the last nine years in the country (Abyssinia.) He asked me if there were any other white men there, I told him 'one Greek and an Armenian.' 'Did you never hear of Mungo Park? Is it possible he can be alive?' said he. I answered, 'in all probability he may; a friend of mine, who trades from Gondar to Tombuctoo, by way of Sanna, told me several times, that within six years he had been four times at Tombuctoo, and had always seen a white man there, who was detained by the natives as a person able to write charms; perhaps it may be Mungo Park; it certainly can be no other English traveller.' Nothing else passed on the subject. Mr. Pearce is now preparing, under Mr. Salt's eye, an account of his long residence in Abyssinia, which cannot fail, when published, to prove highly interesting.

London, Jan. 1, 1820.



## TALES OF MY LANDLORD.

From Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, November 1819.

Mr. Editor,

**O**BSERVING a letter in your paper of this day, signed by John Ballantyne,\* Bookseller for Scotland to his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, affirming that a fourth series of Tales of my Landlord is a spurious work, and that though he has no EXPRESS authority for saying so, he is morally assured that the author will at no period send any farther work to the public, under the title of 'Tales of my Landlord,' I think it my duty, as publisher of the 'New Tales of my Landlord,' now in the press, to warn the public against being *taken in*, (as that gentleman elegantly expresses it) by the flagrant sophistry of Mr John Ballantyne. He argues all through *ab ignoto*. The name of Jedediah Cleishbotham is notoriously a fictitious name, and belongs to no one—to say, that there is any one of that name having property in any thing, is a *fraudulent* assertion; it is open to any body to assume it, as it is to write a continuation of the 'Tales of my Landlord.' No damage can result to the publisher of the foregoing series; and if injunctions could be obtained against continued works, the best continuers of history would have been in an awkward predicament. But how does Mr. John Ballantyne prove his case? By admitting that the New Tales may be genuine. The author at the end of the Third Series, in so many words, assures the public that he has done with them; but this sagacious advocate comes forward to shake the only strong point he had, by confessing that he is not morally certain of this! And it was but the other day that one of the partners of Constable's house asserted, in presence of the trade, that the author would appear in several *new shapes*. Who is to pronounce that the forthcoming edition be not one of them? The public, as well as the trade, have been so used of late to ungentlemanlike trickeries, shifts, and coquetries on the part of publishers, booksellers, and authors, that it will be difficult for them to decide who is, and who is not the author of a new work, and the greedy motive is thus very likely to produce its own surfeit—to make a rod for its own back. There is one straight forward and manly way of settling the question. Let the author come forward and claim his own not as Jedediah Cleishbotham, not as the dream of a dream, and shadow of a shade; not under the wing of Mr. John Ballantyne, Bookseller for Scotland, who can only offer the brass of his assertions in lieu of current coin. I shall then be enabled to decide whether the MS. I hold is or is not by the same person; certainly I cannot, till then, take upon me to pronounce. But my conviction is, that it is, and such is the opinion of others from the internal evidence of the work; nevertheless, if it be not, it is certainly legal for any person that chooses to continue the subject, the more especially if it be true that the original author has dropped it; indeed that author particularly recommends the continuation, and even points out a particular individual for the purpose.

\* Ath. vol. 6, p. 368.

What has Mr. John Ballantyne to say to that? It would appear that he is not so much behind the curtain as he imagines. Who knows but it may be some known or unknown friend of the author's who has taken up his hint?

It is a great desideratum, that the Tales should be continued by somebody, and particularly to connect the great drama of events therein recorded, with similar scenes and actors in the sister-country. The New Tales embrace this object, and in the opinion of those who have seen them, with a master's grasp. But perhaps Mr. John Ballantyne, bookseller for Scotland, wishes to monopolize the scene as well as *the author* to his own country. The title which he assumes is certainly very magnificent, and very imposing; and the Scotch air of his residence may perhaps sharpen his power of discrimination, endowing him with a kind of second sight, and enabling him to see, what other men cannot see; but it is rather too much to pronounce by his *ipse dixit* only which is the real Simon Pure, when the means of ending the question are in the hands of the two parties concerned, the author and the bookseller. There is at all events something suspicious in this unnecessary shuffling out of the direct road. The dictatorial tone he assumes, may suit the zenith of his shop, and the nature of northern criticism; but it is rather too presumptuous—rather too great an insult to English common sense, to pronounce that to be a catch-penny publication which he has never seen. It is for the public to decide, whether the New Tales are worthy of comparison with the old. It remains to be seen whether they are inferior, or equal, or superior; the public also will, no doubt, pronounce whether they are spurious or not; certainly it will not take Mr. John Ballantyne's bare word in lieu of proof, on so nice a matter, and will not readily believe that the author is bound up from offering any portion of his mental labours to a London publisher, without making him his counsellor. In the meanwhile, that publisher laughs at the ridiculous threat of punishment, which is another indiscretion of Mr. John Ballantyne bookseller for Scotland.

There is an old proverb, which he would do well to remember—not to extend the arm further than it can be withdrawn with safety. The work excommunicated by this Scotch bull, *ex cathedra* is yet in *nubibus*. Perhaps it may suit Mr. John Ballantyne's idea of law, to punish an offence before it is committed; but I rather think, neither his law, nor his reason, will acquire him many converts on this side of the Tweed. When the work appears, it will be time enough to pronounce whether it is legal or illegal; it will not appear without the very best advice, as to its perfect security. I, as publisher, disclaim all ideas of acting in the least degree dishonourably by the author; whoever he may be, I have no means of judging what is his, or what is not his composition: were I sure that my MS. were not his, and the publication contrary to his wish, I would drop the title, and trust, as I well might, to the intrinsic merit of the work. But the case stands thus:—If it is

his, Mr. Ballantyne has been talking nonsense without authority, and throwing his *brutum fulmen* at a shadow; if it is not, then I maintain, that it is not only legal and justifiable for another to continue any suspended work; but in this case, it is at the express recommendation of the author himself.

I am, Sir, &c. WILLIAM FEARMAN.  
170, New Bond Street, Oct. 28, 1819.

Trinity Grove, 15th Nov. 1819.

To the Editor of Blackwood's Magazine.  
SIR--Since I felt it my duty to the public to insert, in the newspapers, a letter stating a "New Series Tales of my Landlord, containing Pontefract Castle," to be spurious; I have had sent me a pamphlet entitled, "A letter in reply to the ridiculous threats of Mr. John Ballantyne, &c. &c.;" signed by a *William Fearman*. If there exists such a person, a publisher, (for I find in Kent's Directory of last year but one Fearman, a tallow chandler,) I would willingly, through your medium, make to his pamphlet the shortest reply possible.

1st, The poor man sets out in error in his very title page. I did not threaten him; I only advised Constable & Co. to obtain an injunction against this publication under their title, (to which the bookseller was, at that time, either afraid or ashamed to put his name,) and to prosecute the publishers, if it came out in defiance thereof.

2d, The poor man (for his case is pitiable) charges me with sophistry, and clenches this charge with his first bit of Latin: I would ask, is there sophistry in my assertion of the plain fact, that I have express authority from the author of the *Tales of my Landlord* to say he has nothing to do with "Pontefract Castle;"--or is there any sophistry, under this fact, in my continuing to warn the

Public against being taken in by this catch-penny imposition, as his work?

3d, The poor man seems bereft of his senses when he asserts, that I "prove my case by admitting that the *New Tales* may be genuine." The only reason I had for addressing the public at all on the subject, was to prove that they could not be genuine, but were spurious.

4th, The poor mistaken---man! in order to decide whether his MS. is genuine, calls on the author of the actual *Tales* to avow himself; otherwise *he* (Fearman) cannot take it upon him to pronounce: Thus, all the authority the public have for supposing Pontefract Castle to be written by the author of *Tales of my Landlord*, is his (William's) opinion, and conviction, from "internal evidence," on the subject; in contradiction of the absolute fact, that they are *not* that author's writing, stated by his agent under his authority.

In conclusion; I leave to Mr. Fearman the full credit of his waggery, his sarcasm, and his five bits of Latin, uncontested. The title, he says I assume, I was honoured with by the Prince himself, through the medium of Sir B. Bloomfield and Dr. Clarke; and it has been followed by orders, neither few nor small, for which I am grateful as in duty bound. The question of law betwixt Constable & Co. and him, I have no further interest in than the general one, which all must feel, to witness right established, and fraud punished as it deserves: But my second sight enables me to foresee, that Mr. William Fearman will sell very few of his books, if he can make out no better case, than he has done in his pamphlet, to prove that they were written by the Author of the *Tales of my Landlord*.

I am, &c.

JOHN BALLANTYNE.

## ANTIENT METEOROLOGICAL PROGNOSTICS.

From Time's Telescope.

### 2. The Shepherd of Banbury's Rules.

*There is no biography extant of the Shepherd of Banbury; who he was we know not, nor have we any proof that the rules called his were penned by a real shepherd; both these points however are immaterial. In the year 1744, Mr. Claridge re-published them with copious observations, and from him the following curious prefatory remarks are taken.*

**T**HE shepherd, whose sole business it is to observe what has a reference to the flock under his care, who spends all his days and many of his nights in the open air, under the wide-spread canopy of heaven, is in a manner obliged to take particular notice of the alterations of the weather, and it is amazing to how great a certainty at last he arrives, by mere dint of comparing signs and events, and correcting one remark by another. Every thing, in time, becomes to him a sort of weather-guage.

The sun, the moon, the stars, the clouds, the winds, the mists, the trees, the flowers, the herbs, and almost every animal with which he is acquainted, become, to such a person, instruments of real knowledge. There are people, who, from the distances of things, are apt to treat such prognostications with much contempt. They can see no connection between a cat's washing her face, and the sky's being overspread with clouds; and yet the same people will readily own, that the fluttering of the flame of a candle is a certain token of wind. But a man who is acquainted with the nature and qualities of the air, and knows what an effect any alterations in the weight, the dryness, or the humidity of it has upon all animal bodies, easily perceives the



reason why other animals are much sooner sensible of any alterations in that element than men; and therefore to him the cawing of ravens, the chattering of swallows, &c. are not superstitious signs, but natural tokens of a change of weather, and as such they have been thought worthy of notice by Aristotle, Virgil, Pliny, and all the wisest and gravest writers of antiquity.

'The thermometer measures exactly the degrees of heat, but the air must be hot to such or such a degree, before it is discerned by this instrument. The barometer indicates the weight of the air, and the rising and falling of the quicksilver expresses the alterations in its weight with wonderful nicety, but then those alterations are the cause of this. In like manner the hygrometer, or hygroscope, measures the dryness or the humidity of the air very exactly, but the weather must alter, must become dryer or moister, before these alterations are visible: and, therefore, however ingenious, however curious, however useful, these instruments may be in other respects, they undoubtedly contribute very little to the prognosticating a change of weather at a distance.

'Our Shepherd's observations are of quite another nature; most of them give us a day's notice, many a week's, and some extend to several months' prognostication of the changes of the weather, and of how great use these may be to the sedentary valetudinarian, as well as the active traveller—to the sportsman who pursues his game, as well as to the industrious husbandman, in short, to every man in every situation is so very clear and intelligible, that it would be a mere waste of words to attempt the making it clearer.'

#### THE SHEPHERD OF BANBURY'S TWENTY-FIVE RULES.

I. If the Sun rise red and fiery, *wind and rain.*

II. If cloudy, and it soon decrease, *certain fair weather.*

III. Clouds small and round, like a dapple-grey with a north wind, *fair weather for two or three days.*

IV. Large clouds like rocks, *great showers.*

V. If small clouds increase, *much rain.*

VI. If large clouds decrease, *fair weather.*

VII. *Mists.* If they rise in low ground and soon vanish, *fair weather.*

VIII. If mists rise to the hill-tops, *rain in a day or two.*

IX. A general mist before the sun rises, near the full Moon, *fair weather.*

X. If mists in the new Moon, *rain in the old.*

XI. If mists in the old, *rain in the new.*

XII. *Winds.* Observe that in eight years' time there is as much south-west wind as north-east, and consequently as many wet years as dry.

XIII. When the wind turns to north-east, and it continues two days without rain, and does not turn south the third day, nor rain the third day, it is likely to continue north-east for eight or nine days, *all fair*; and then to come to the south again.

XIV. If the wind turns again out of the south to the north-east with rain, and neither turns south, nor rains the third day, *it is likely to continue north-east for two or three months.*

XV. *South-west winds.* After a northerly wind for the most part two months or more, and then coming south, there are usually *three or four fair days at first, and then on the fourth or fifth day comes rain, or else the wind turns north again, and continues dry.*

XVI. If the wind returns to the south within a day or two without rain, and turn northward with rain, and return to the south in one or two days two or three times together, after this sort, *then it is likely to be in the south or south-west, two or three months together, as it was in the north before.*

XVII. Fair weather for a week, with a southern wind, *will produce a great drought, if there has been much rain out of the south before.* The wind usually turns from north to south, with a quiet wind without rain, but returns to the north with a strong wind and rain; the strongest winds are when it turns from south, to north by west.

XVIII. *Clouds.* In summer or harvest, when the wind has been south two or three days, and it grows very hot, and you see clouds rise with great white tops like towers, as if one were upon the top of another, and joined together with black on the nether side, *there will be thunder and rain suddenly.*

XIX. If two such clouds arise, one on either hand, it is *time to make haste to shelter.*

XX. If you see a cloud rise against the wind or side wind, when that cloud comes up to you, the wind will blow the same way that the cloud came. And the same rule holds of a clear place, when all the sky is equally thick, except one clear edge.

XXI. Sudden rains never last long; but when the air grows thick by degrees, and the Sun, Moon, and Stars shew dimmer and dimmer, then it is likely to rain *six hours usually.*

XXII. If it begin to rain from the south, with a high wind for two or three hours, and the wind falls, but the rain continues, *it is likely to rain twelve hours or more, and does usually rain till a strong north wind clears the air.* These long rains seldom hold above twelve hours, or happen above *once a year.*

XXIII. If it begin to rain an hour or two before sun rising, it is likely to be fair *before noon, and so continue that day*; but if the rain begin an hour or two after sun rising, it is likely to rain *all that day, except the rainbow be seen before it rains.*

XXIV. *Spring and Summer.* If the last eighteen days of February and ten days of March be for the most part rainy, then the spring and summer quarters will probably be

so too ; and I never knew a great drought but it entered in that season.

XXV. *Winter.* If the latter end of October and beginning of November be for the most part warm and rainy, then January and

February are likely to be frosty and cold, except after a very dry summer.....If October and November be snowy and frosty, then January and February are likely to be open and mild.

## POETRY.

From the Monthly Magazines, Nov. and Dec. 1819.

Our readers will remember, that about a year ago, a truly patriotic person signified his intention of giving £1000 towards the erection of a monument to Sir William Wallace. At the same time he proposed a prize of £60 to the best Poem on the following subject---*"The meeting of Wallace and Bruce on the Banks of the Carron."* This prize was lately adjudged to Mrs. Hemans, whose poetical genius has been for some years well known to the public, by those very beautiful poems, *"Greece,"* and *"The Restoration of the Works of Art to Italy."* It was with much pleasure that we lately observed, in that respectable Journal, the *Edinburgh Monthly Review*, a very elegant critique on a new volume of Mrs. Hemans, entitled *"Tales and Historic Scenes,"* with copious extracts.

### THE MEETING OF WALLACE AND BRUCE

*On the Banks of the Carron.*

**T**HE morn rose bright on scenes renown'd,  
Wild Caledonia's classic ground,  
Where the bold sons of other days  
Won their high fame in Ossian's lays,  
And fell---but not till Carron's tide  
With Roman blood was darkly dyed.  
The morn rose bright---and heard the cry  
Sent by exulting hosts on high,  
And saw the white-cross banner float,  
(While rung each clansman's gathering note)  
O'er the dark plumes and serried spears  
Of Scotland's daring Mountaineers,  
As all elate with hope they stood,  
To buy their freedom with their blood.  
The sunset shone---to guide the flying,  
And beam a farewell to the dying !  
The summer-moon, on Falkirk's field,  
Streams upon eyes in slumber sealed :  
Deep slumber---not to pass away  
When breaks another morning's ray,  
Nor vanish, when the trumpet's voice  
Bids ardent hearts again rejoice ;  
What sunbeam's glow, what clarion's breath,  
May chase the still cold sleep of death ?  
Shrouded in Scotland's blood-stain'd plaid,  
Low are her mountain-warriors laid ;  
They fell, on that proud soil, whose mould  
Was blent with heroes' dust of old,  
And guarded by the free and brave,  
Yielded the Roman but a grave !  
Nobly they fell---yet with them died  
The warrior's hope, the leader's pride.  
Vainly they fell---that martyr-host---  
All, save the land's high soul, is lost.  
Blest are the slain ! they calmly sleep,  
Nor hear their bleeding country weep ;  
The shouts, of England's triumph telling,  
Reach not their dark and silent dwelling ;  
And those, surviving to bequeath  
Their sons the choice of chains or death,

May give the slumberer's lowly bier  
An envying glance ---but not a tear.

But thou, the fearless and the free,  
Devoted Knight of Ellerslie !  
No vassal-spirit, formed to bow  
When storms are gathering, clouds thy brow,  
No shade of fear, or weak despair,  
Blends with indignant sorrow there !  
The ray which streams on yon red field,  
O'er Scotland's cloven helm and shield,  
Glitters not there alone to shed  
Its cloudless beauty o'er the dead,  
But, where smooth Carron's rippling wave  
Flows near that death-bed of the brave,  
Illuming all the midnight scene,  
Sleeps brightly on thy lofty mien.  
But other beams, O Patriot ! shine  
In each commanding glance of thine,  
And other light hath filled thine eye  
With inspiration's majesty,  
Caught from th' immortal flame divine,  
Which makes thine inmost heart a shrine !  
Thy voice a prophet's tone hath won,  
The grandeur Freedom lends her son ;  
Thy bearing, a resistless power,  
The ruling genius of the hour ;  
And he, yon Chief, with mien of pride,  
Whom Carron's waves from thee divide,  
Whose haughty gesture fain would seek  
To veil the thoughts that blanch his cheek,  
Feels his reluctant mind controlled  
By thine of more heroic mould ;  
Though, struggling all in vain to war  
With that high mind's ascendant star,  
He, with a conqueror's scornful eye,  
Would mock the name of Liberty.

Heard ye the Patriot's awful voice ?---  
" Proud Victor ! in thy fame rejoice !  
Hast thou not seen thy brethren slain,  
The harvest of thy battle-plain,  
And bathed thy sword in blood, whose spot  
Eternity shall cancel not ?  
Rejoice !---with sounds of wild lament,  
O'er her dark heaths and mountains sent,  
With dying moan, and dirge's wail,  
Thy ravaged country bids thee hail !  
Rejoice !---while yet exulting cries  
From England's conquering host arise,  
And strains of choral triumph tell,  
Her Royal Slave hath fought too well !  
Oh ! dark the clouds of woe that rest  
Brooding o'er Scotland's mountain-crest,  
Her shield is cleft, her banner torn,  
O'er martyr'd chiefs her daughters mourn,  
And not a breeze, but wafts the sound  
Of wailing through the land around.  
Yet deem not thou, till life depart,  
High hope shall leave the patriot's heart,  
Or courage to the storm inured,  
Or stern resolve, by woes matured,  
Oppose, to Fate's severest hour,  
Less than unconquerable power !  
No ! though the orbs of heaven expire,  
Thine, Freedom ! is a quenchless fire,



And woe to him whose might would dare  
The energies of *thy* despair !  
No !---when thy chain, O Bruce ! is cast  
O'er thy land's charter'd mountain-blast,  
Then in my yielding soul shall die  
The glorious faith of Liberty."

"Wild hopes ! o'er dreamer's mind that  
rise !"

With haughty laugh the Conqueror cries,  
(Yet his dark cheek is flushed with shame,  
And his eye filled with troubled flame ;)  
"Vain, brief illusions ! doomed to fly  
England's red path of victory !  
Is not her sword unmatched in might ?  
Her course, a torrent in the fight ?  
The terror of her name gone forth  
Wide o'er the regions of the north ?  
Far hence, midst other heaths and snows,  
Must freedom's footstep now repose.  
And thou---in lofty dreams elate,  
Enthusiast ! strive no more with Fate !  
'Tis vain---the land is lost and won---  
Sheathed be the sword---its task is done.  
Where are the chiefs who stood with thee,  
First in the battles of the free ?  
The firm in heart, in spirit high ?  
They sought yon fatal field to die.  
Each step of Edward's conquering host  
Hath laid a grave on Scotland's coast."

"Vassal of England, yes ! a grave  
Where sleep the faithful and the brave,  
And who the glory would resign,  
Of death like theirs, for life like thine ?  
They slumber---and the stranger's tread,  
May spurn thy country's noble dead ;  
Yet, on the land they loved so well,  
Still shall their burning spirit dwell,  
Their deeds shall hallow Minstrel's theme,  
Their image rise on warrior's dream,  
Their names be inspiration's breath,  
Kindling high hope and scorn of death,  
Till bursts, immortal from the tomb,  
The flame that shall avenge their doom :  
This is no land for chains---away !  
O'er softer climes let tyrants sway !  
Think'st thou the mountain and the storm  
Their hardy sons for bondage form ?  
Doth our stern wintry blast instil  
Submission to a despot's will ?  
No ! we were cast in other mould  
Than theirs by lawless power controlled !  
The nurture of our bitter sky  
Calls forth resisting energy,  
And the wild fastnesses are ours,  
The rocks, with their eternal towers !  
The soul to struggle and to dare,  
Is mingled with our northern air,  
And dust beneath our soil is lying  
Of those who died for fame undying.  
Tread'st thou that soil ! and can it be,  
No loftier thought is roused in thee ?  
Doth no high feeling proudly start  
From slumber in thine inmost heart ?  
No secret voice thy bosom thrill,  
For thine own Scotland pleading still ?  
Oh ! wake thee yet---indignant claim  
A nobler fate, a purer fame,  
And cast to earth thy fetters riven,  
And take thine offered crown from heaven !  
Wake ! in that high majestic lot,  
May the dark past be all forgot,  
And Scotland shall forgive the field,  
Where with her blood thy shame was sealed.  
E'en I---though on that fatal plain  
Lies my heart's brother with the slain,  
Though reft of his heroic worth,  
My spirit dwells alone on earth ;

And when all other grief is past,  
Must *this* be cherished to the last ?  
Will lead thy battles, guard thy throne,  
With faith unspotted as his own,  
Nor in thy noon of fame recall,  
*Whose* was the guilt that wrought his fall."

Still dost thou hear in stern disdain ?  
Are Freedom's warning accents vain ?  
No ! royal Bruce ! within thy breast  
Wakes each high thought, too long suppress'd,  
And thy heart's noblest feelings live,  
Blent in that suppliant word---"Forgive !"  
"Forgive the wrongs to Scotland done !  
Wallace ! thy fairest palm is won,  
And, kindling at my country's shrine,  
My soul hath caught a spark from thine.  
Oh ! deem not, in the proudest hour  
Of triumph and exulting power,---  
Deem not the light of peace could find  
A home within my troubled mind,  
Conflicts, by mortal eye unseen,  
Dark, silent, secret, there have been,  
Known but to Him, whose glance can trace  
Thought to its deepest dwelling-place !  
---'Tis past---and on my native shore  
I tread, a rebel son no more.  
Too blest, if yet my lot may be,  
In glory's path to follow thee ;  
If tears, by late repentance poured,  
May lave the blood-stains from my sword !"  
Far other tears, O Wallace ! rise  
From the heart's fountain to thine eyes,  
Bright, holy, and unchecked they spring,  
While thy voice falters, "Hail ! my King !  
Be every wrong, by memory traced,  
In this full tide of joy effaced !  
Hail ! and rejoice !---thy race shall claim  
A heritage of deathless fame,  
And Scotland shall arise, at length,  
Majestic in triumphant strength,  
An eagle of the rock, that won  
A way through tempests to the sun !  
Nor scorn the visions, wildly grand,  
The prophet-spirit of thy land !  
By torrent wave, in desert vast,  
Those visions o'er my thought have passed,  
Where mountain-vapours darkly roll,  
That spirit hath possessed my soul !  
And shadowy forms have met mine eye,  
The beings of futurity !  
And a deep voice of years to be,  
Hath told that Scotland shall be free !  
He comes ! exult, thou Sire of Kings !  
From thee the chief, th' avenger springs !  
Far o'er the land he comes to save,  
His banners in their glory wave,  
And Albyn's thousand harps awake  
On hill and heath, by stream and lake,  
To swell the strains, that far around  
Bid the proud name of Bruce resound !  
And I---but wherefore now recall  
The whispered omens of my fall ?  
They come not in mysterious gloom,  
---There is no bondage in the tomb !  
O'er the soul's world no tyrant reigns,  
And earth alone for man hath chains !  
What though I perish ere the hour  
When Scotland's vengeance wakes in power,  
If shed for her, my blood shall stain  
The field or scaffold not in vain.  
Its voice, to efforts more sublime,  
Shall rouse the spirit of her clime,  
And, in the noontide of her lot,  
My country shall forget me not !"

Art thou forgot ? and hath thy worth  
Without its glory passed from earth ?

---Rest with the brave, whose name belong  
To the high sanctity of song,  
Chartered our reverence to control,  
And traced in sun-beams on the soul!  
*Thine*, Wallace! while the heart hath still  
One pulse a generous thought can thrill,  
While youth's warm tears are yet the meed  
Of martyr's death, or hero's deed,  
Shall brightly live, from age to age,  
Thy country's proudest heritage!  
'Midst her green vales thy fame is dwelling,  
Thy deeds her mountain-winds are telling,  
Thy memory speaks in torrent-wave,  
Thy step hath hallowed rock and cave,  
And cold the wanderer's heart must be,  
That holds no converse there with thee!

Yet, Scotland! to thy champion's shade,  
Still are thy grateful rites delayed!  
From lands of old renown o'erspread,  
With proud memorials of the dead,  
The trophied urn, the breathing bust,  
The pillar, guarding noble dust,  
The shrine where art and genius high  
Have laboured for eternity;  
The stranger comes---his eye explores  
The wilds of thy majestic shores,  
Yet vainly seeks one votive stone,  
Raised to the hero all thine own.

Land of bright deeds and minstrel-lore!  
Withhold that guerdon now no more.  
On some bold height, of awful form,  
Stern eyrie of the cloud and storm,  
Sublimely mingling with the skies,  
Bid the proud Cenotaph arise!  
Not to record the name that thrills  
Thy soul, the watch-word of thy hills,  
Not to assert, with needless claim,  
The bright for ever of its fame;  
But, in the ages yet untold,  
When *ours* shall be the days of old,  
To rouse high heart, and speak thy pride  
In him, for thee who lived and died.

### I PITY YOU, YE STARS SO BRIGHT.

*By the Ettrick Shepherd.*

**I** PITY you, ye stars so bright,  
That shine so sweetly all the night,  
Beaming ever coldly down  
On rock and river, tower and town,  
Shining so lonely.

I pity you, ye stars so bright,  
That shine so sweetly all the night,  
With your rays of endless glee  
On the wide and silent sea  
Shining so lonely.

I pity you, ye stars so bright;---  
While I'm with Anna all the night,  
Thro' the cold blue sky ye rove,  
Strangers to repose and love,  
Shining so lonely.

I pity you, ye stars so bright,  
And Anna pities you to-night,  
What a weary way you've been  
Since yon first balmy kiss yestreen,  
Shining so lonely!

### THE TUILLERIES.

**T**HERE is music on the evening breeze,  
There is fragrance from the orange trees,  
Freshness from the grateful fountains playing,  
Beauty in crouds all various straying,  
Love on each lip, smiles in each eye---  
It is an hour of revelry.

I am alone in this bright hour;  
It boasts for me no charming power:  
Foreign to me is the gay sound  
Of the light language fluttering round;  
Foreign to me that music's tone---  
It wakes no memories I have known.

The English eye may beauty find  
Amid this scene; the English mind  
Find interest in its silent scan  
Of the varieties of man;  
But the English heart can never be,  
France, in sympathy with thee!  
*Paris, Oct. 1819.*

### THE ICELANDER'S SONG.

*From a MS. Volume of Poems, by Mr. G. Rathbone.*

**T**HE southern may talk of his meads crown'd  
with flow'rs,  
Where the gale, breathing incense, unceasing-  
ly flies;  
He may vaunt the rich hue of his rose-tangled bowers  
Or the sapphire and gold of his bright sunny skies;  
But it is not a theme that will light up emotion  
In an Icelfander's breast; since his pride and his  
boast  
Are his hoar-cover'd mountains, that frown on the  
ocean,  
Lit up with the ice-blink that girdles the coast.

When the winter of night darkles round him all  
dreary,  
And his snow-bosom'd hills mourn the absence of  
day,  
With a heart void of care, and with limbs seldom  
weary,  
He launches his bark in pursuit of his prey;  
Rough is his bed, and uneasy his pillow,  
When far off in ocean he rambles from home;  
Blithe scuds his boat, as her prow cleaves the billow  
Of the gem-spangled brine, with its ridges of foam.

Dear is the dawn of the fork'd northern light,  
That illumines old Hecla's broad cone with its rays;  
And dearer its splendour, increasingly bright,  
When the peaks of the ice-bergs appear in the  
blaze;  
Brightly it plays on his dart's glossy pride,  
When it flies, steep'd in spray, on the snake's scaly  
crest,  
To bury its point in the whale's finny hide,  
Or flesh its curv'd barb in the sea-lion's chest.

Dear is the summer of day, when the fountains,  
Unfetter'd and free, pour the bright crystal  
stream;  
Dear is the cataract's leap in the mountains,  
When sparkling at night in the moon's silver beam;  
Dear are the shoals where the sea-horse is bounding,  
With his icied mane and his eye-balls of fire;  
But dearer than all, is the comfort surrounding  
The wife of his choice, and the hearth of his sire.

*The gentleman who furnished for a last May number of this Magazine, a copy of an "Ode to the Poppy," supposing it the production of a Lady of Massachusetts, requests us to state, that his information on the subject was altogether incorrect. We readily insert this amendé, in justice to the proper author. (Vide Ath. Vol. 5, p. 167.)*